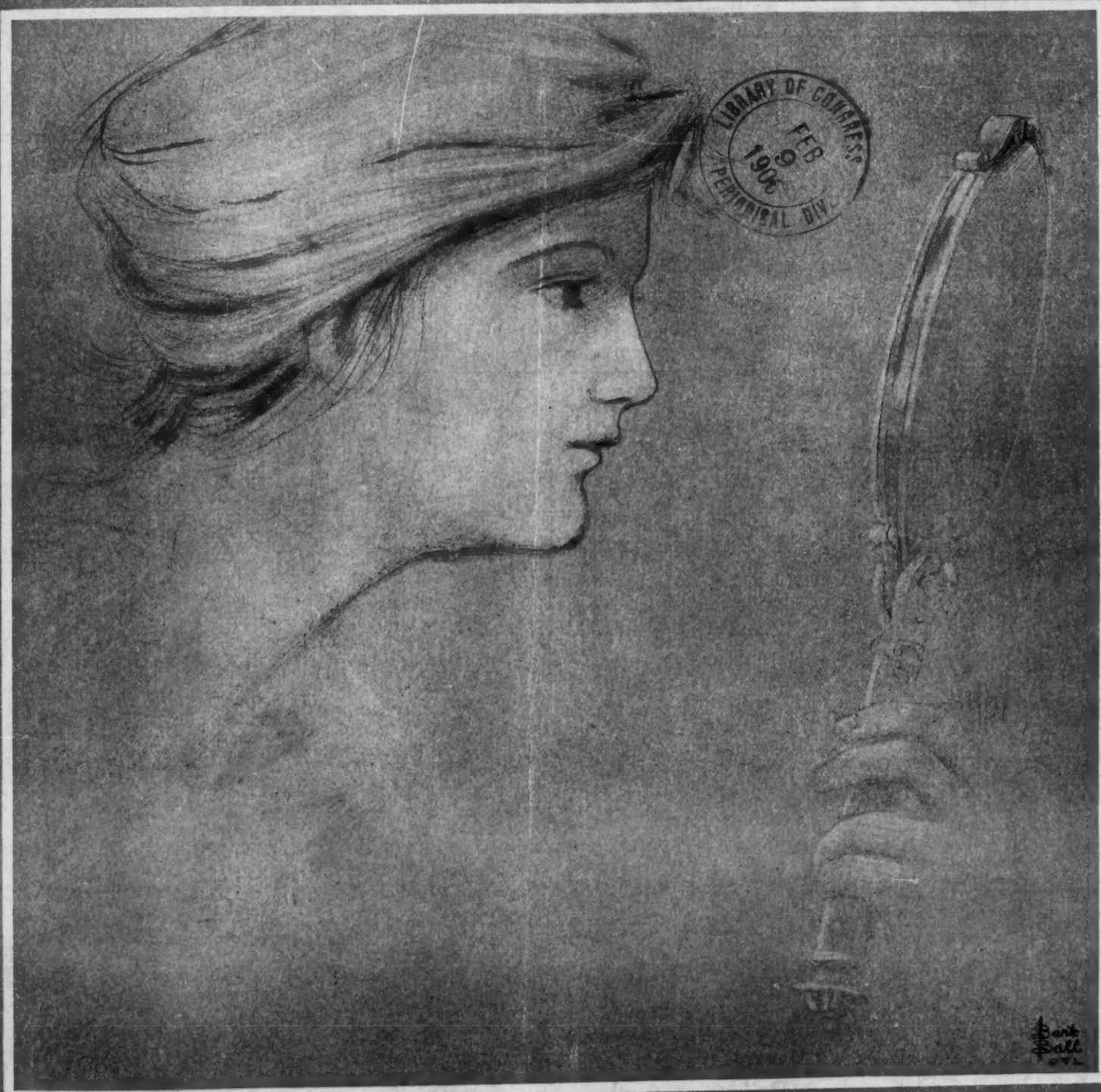


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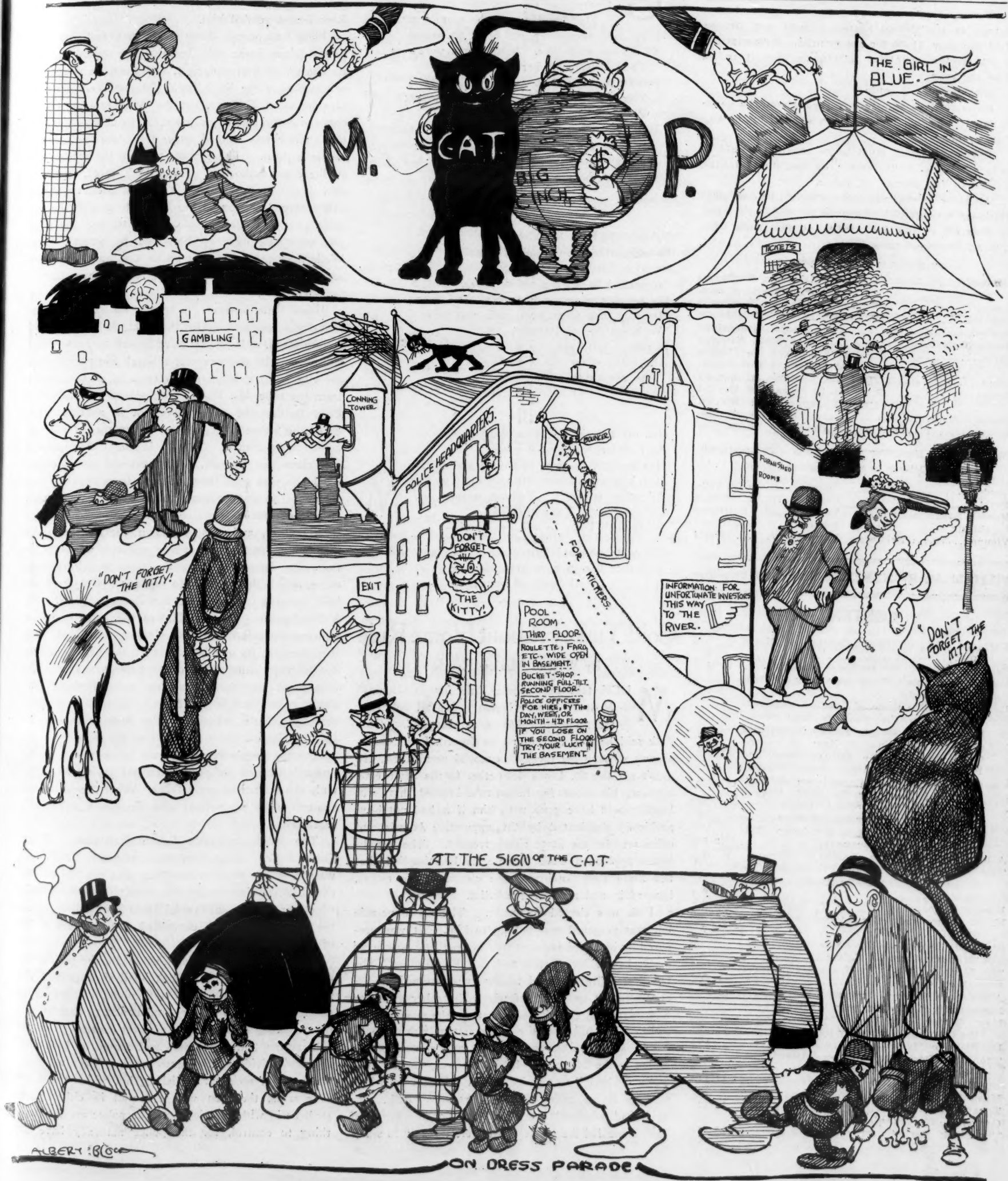
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AS THE GANG DREAMS OF HOME RULE

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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THE MIRROR

Two Valentines

By Madison Cawein

WITH ROSES.

GO, roses, be my Valentine.
Go tell her, Sweets, that girl divine,
That maiden with the eyes of gray,
How, like yourselves, my heart presumes
To bloom with love. Your warm perfumes
Then breathe on her and softly say—
Nay! ask her, ask her, happy blooms!
You, whom her lips, perhaps will press;
Who on her bosom's loveliness
Will lie an hour, perchance a day,—
If, like yourselves, this love of mine
Must also pine and fade away.—
Go, roses, be my Valentine.

L'AUDACE.

I.

What constitutes a Valentine,
O heart of mine, O soul of mine?

"A rose; a book; a piece of paper,
On which you praise her mouth and eyes,
Her face, her form, her hands that taper:
'An hour out of Paradise
Is not so fair,' you say with sighs—
And many other things as fine.
These constitute a Valentine,
O heart of mine!"

II.

But oft before, O Valentine,
As I divine, this pen of mine
Has praised, in vain, in rhyme and metre,
Her beauty and her wit above
All other women's. Nothing sweeter
Or newer can I say thereof.—
What shall I say to win her love?—

"Naught! naught! Just cease to beg and whine,
And take her in your arms, in fine,
O heart of mine!"

Cold Turkey About Home Rule

By William Marion Reedy

MUCH talk of 'Home Rule for St. Louis!' Most of it pure bunco. It's all politician talk; therefore bunco, as aforesaid. Gov. Folk said he was for home rule for St. Louis, when he was striving for the gubernatorial nomination. He didn't get the St. Louis delegation to the State convention; his shout for home rule implied that St. Louis would have gone with him if it had not been politically dominated by the appointive boards and officers under the State ring governor. The Republicans applauded Folk because he had implied that the State ring dominated the electorate, or rather, ignored it, and ravished the ballot.

Folk was elected Governor. Then a home-rule bill was prepared and put up to him. It was prepared by his chief and mutually sympathetic opponents in St. Louis, Mr. Hawes and Col. Ed. Butler. The bill practically proposed taking away from Folk the appointments by virtue of which the other governor had controlled the city and sent a delegation against Folk. The bill took the police out of gubernatorial hands, and gave the appointment and control of the police to the Mayor. The Mayor was, and is, anti-Folk. The bill was badly drawn. Folk vetoed it.

The Republicans, of course, raved. Folk, they said, had admitted that the State Board control of police enabled the police to steal elections or to stand

in with election stealers. If the State Board did this to a Democrat, what wouldn't it do to Republicans, what hadn't it done? But Folk, aspiring to be Governor, and Folk actually Governor, were different. "When the devil was sick—when the devil was well," etc. He was not against a State Board control when he controlled the State Board. Thus the Republicans goaded him.

Then Folk comes down to the city and says that he's still for home rule, but the city should change its charter to that end, first, and then the Assembly would change the State law. Mayor Wells up and says he takes Folk up, but the State law must be changed before the city charter can be changed, as the city charter was framed under the State law. Mayor Wells is right. The city can't act in the matter until the State authorizes. They both agree, however, that there's no hurry about it. Folk doesn't want to call a special session of the Legislature with the old state gang still strong in the Senate, and likely to put something over on him that he doesn't want. Wells finds the move isn't up to him, and he doesn't care. He has put Folk in a hole, and leaves him to flounder there.

Home Rule, however, is become an issue. Theoretically or governmentally, it's right. St. Louis should govern itself. It should have power to remove the politicians who misgovern it through the police. But the city has not been misgoverned by police, except from the time Mr. Hawes entered the Police Board. Prior to that the police were not in politics. Indeed, the police were all the better then for being under State control, and not in the clutch of city politicians like Noonan, Ziegenhein and some others. St. Louis was glad then that the force was a State force. The metropolitan police plan is the wisest. It is the most efficient, when it is not complicated with politics, and this is shown everywhere. All that the police situation really needs is a change in the police law that makes the force a political machine, which the city has to pay for. Get the force back to what it was before Mr. Hawes made it what it has become. Before Hawes the force wasn't a political club; it didn't steal elections; it didn't work with thieves; its members didn't make panel workers divide their plunder; it didn't protect a race-track, crap-game, sure-thing gambling and swindling syndicate. It could be put back to its pristine cleanliness by a little revision of the State laws enacted for Mr. Hawes.

But the people seem to want home rule. I say "seem," because the people are not saying anything. Only the politicians are talking. What the politicians want is plain, as well as why they want it. Let's summarize.

The politicians don't dislike State rule. They dislike Folk. They don't want reform. They don't want a police force or anything else run by a head of the State who declares he won't stand for crookedness or the usual venial venality of politics. To the politicians a city controlled police means a lot of "good things."

It means that politicians can name the policemen, that the policemen so named shall then protect the politicians' friends who run dives, or gambling games, or panel joints, or hand books, or race tracks, or swindling devices on the street corners. Home rule means that the bosses and gangs of both parties shall divide all this graft spoil. They will continue to put up separate tickets, but which ticket so ever wins, the men with the pull in either party shall be in with the pickings. The police are the main thing to control, for the police naturally have the

function of dealing with all the vice and crime out of which politicians make profit. The politicians who had the profit of vice and crime under Hawes' debauched force didn't complain of State rule. Not at all. They saw the evil only when Folk got control of the force and shut down on the graft. This is all there is to nine-tenths of the hubbub in favor of Home Rule.

But even granting this, a community ought to govern itself, and it is possible that a city of St. Louis' size can govern itself well in the matter of the police, and so there is no disputing the right of the theory. All that is necessary is that when we get home rule we take care that it shall not be such home rule as the politicians want, hereinabove described. We don't want a home rule bill jammed through an extra session by a lot of legislators bent only on seeing that home rule shall encourage the flourishing of everything evil against which Folk has made war. This city has no need for home rule that shall only be anti-Folk, pro-boodler, pro-vice, anti-reform.

With this premise I should say that home rule doesn't go far enough when it stops at city control of the police.

This city should have control of its own excise laws. It should take a plebiscite as to saloon closing on Sunday. It should collect its own licenses, regulate its own dramshops. It should pass upon its own sort of Sunday, and not be oppressed with and by a Sunday so darkly, deeply, unbeautifully blue that it makes the day of recreation one of galling restraint.

This city should control its own elections, and not have the election officers imposed upon it by the representatives of the country, and with regard to the interests of country politicians. We had control of our own elections until we got a Republican Mayor and the Legislature immediately changed it. Before that the city control of elections was given to the State by a State faction that didn't want another faction in the city to have that control. Every good argument in favor of a city police board is good for a city election board. Also every bad argument.

The city should inspect its own beer, its own coal oil, its own grain, its own factories. There is no more reason why the inspectors of such things should be State officers than police board members should be. They would probably be neither more nor less efficient under city than under State control. But if home rule is good for one city department, it is good for all.

And if we are to have home rule, let us have it to a finish. Let the people choose those officers. *Let them be elected, and not appointed.* Let there be a recall clause in the law providing for such election, that shall permit the people to vote the occupants out of office when they do not behave themselves.

Let us have a complete new City Charter to replace the one that is now thirty years behind the times. We might as well make a clean up while we are at it, and get the city out of the State's leading strings in the matter of contributing the main support to the State, from which the city receives little in return. *Let us have the city hospitals and asylums taken from the list of political spoils.*

Let us have, in addition to the recall clause as to elective officers, the *initiative* and the *referendum*, that we may inaugurate legislation when our officials oppose the public will, that we may pass on all laws passed by our legislators, that seem not to conform to the popular idea.

This would be *real* home rule.

But is this what the politicians want? I should say not. They only want so much of this programme as shall consist with their appetite for graft. They only want to get rid of Folk's idea of law enforcement against their rake-offs. They want gambling, paneling, funky-bunk dance halls, wine rooms with knock-out-drop attachments, all protected by the police for them, but stamped out by the police for anyone not "in with the push."

So with the "interests." They want a home rule of two gangs, both of which they shall finance, so that no matter which side wins the interests will be protected. They want a home rule that will enable them to make sure there shan't be another Folk for Circuit Attorney.

Home rule! I am for Home rule, too. But it must be the real article, and not a bogus device to fasten upon the city the clutches of every interest and element that thrive upon plunder.

The State legislature should take up all these matters, and change all the laws bearing on St. Louis to enable all the changes herein suggested to be made by St. Louis. Will Folk go the full distance of Home Rule? Will Wells? No matter. They've started the thing, and there will be a movement for radical, sweeping home rule that will put all the wise politicians to the bad. It will be a movement for actual home rule by the people of St. Louis—not by the bosses or the big business bosses of the bosses.

Reflections

The Price of Love

MRS. REBECCA LOWE-GUNTON seems to be commiserated because she was deprived of an office in the Woman's Federation on account of marrying Prof. Gunton immediately after his divorce from the wife who now sues Mrs. Lowe-Gunton for alienation of his affections. The club woman will get little sympathy. The papers pule over all she "lost for love." When people put love before all else, they should not regret what they gave up for the divine passion. If the love isn't worth what they are called upon to pay for it, why, there's no consolation more helpful than the law's *caveat emptor*. Let the buyer beware. Those lovers who, for their love, count the world well lost, are the only ones the world ever forgives. The world is most generous to those who despise it. It despises those who love it too well. People who love, and lose the world's approval thereby, and then complain of the bargain, forget that one cannot eat his cake and keep it, too. The Helens, La Vallieres, Rosamonds, Francescas and others who are immortal and beloved for the loves that transcended morality never lamented that they lost their social position through their loving. People pay for their loves as they pay for everything else, and a good article commands a high price. If we kick at the price we may be sure that what we got for it was not the genuine article. The papers, therefore, that make a heroine of Mrs. Lowe-Gunton are not doing her a service when they lay emphasis upon the fact that she is pained by the refusal of the Woman's Federation to make her an honorary vice-president because she married Prof. Gunton so soon after he discarded his first wife.

A Stingless Bee

THE regular monthly Grand Jury homily has been reeled off to us. The Grand Jury is getting to be to St. Louisans something like the praying machine to the Thibetans. We acquire merit by its purely

mechanical moralizings, but things go on in the same old way, and all the sensations promised us for twenty-nine days peter out in one. If a Grand Jury can't indict it should do nothing. It is not paid to preach platitudes to us. A Grand Jury that can't indict is like a stingless bee, a buzzer, but otherwise neither dangerous to the guilty nor interesting to the mere spectator of the great game of life.

THE police of St. Louis can put a stop to a great deal of swearing, if they will only cease to act in a way that is enough to make good citizens swear.

Pardon the Boodlers

GOVERNOR FOLK is beating all records as a pardon-er of convicts in the penitentiary. He has plenty of leniency for murderers and such. But he might let out Boodlers Lehmann and Hartmann, who are serving long terms for the same crime for which other men have already served short terms. It does not add to a boodler's offense that he tried hard to escape conviction, that he refused to plead guilty. Equal crimes should have equal punishment, at least, so far as human meting of punishment is concerned. There is no justice in letting one man serve seven years for the same offense for which others served but two years. Governor Folk should pardon the remaining boodlers at Jefferson City. He pardoned the men who "squealed" on those he convicted. Therefore he pardoned more than he convicted, and to that extent, cheated the law of more of its vengeance than he would deprive it of by cutting short the time of the long-termers.

SEEMS odd that the *Post-Dispatch* editorializes not at all on the Francis-Platt case of frenzied finance. It is terrible as an army with banners against the reputable grafters a thousand miles away.

Ben Westhus, Horrible Example

WILL the fate of Ben Westhus, requested to resign as Collector of the Port of St. Louis, deter other men in politics, actively or prospectively, from continuing the fight against the Terminal Association? There are two or three free bridgers who are supposed to have high hopes that their work for the cause will get them a nomination for Mayor, but if the Terminal Association can reach out to Washington and roll a man in spite of his title to office by virtue of meritorious service, what may it not do through party committees amenable to the influence which such a large corporation may radiate upon them? Mr. Westhus is a horrible example of what public spiritedness will do for an official in St. Louis. The corporation has a long and a strong arm.

CAPTAIN VON SCHAICK, who commanded the *Slocum*, which burned with such terrible loss of life, eighteen months ago, goes to prison. The men in the company that owned the *Slocum* have never been brought to trial.

The Territories

WHEN Arizona was made a territory it was with the implied promise that it would one day be made a State. There was nothing in the promise implying that it would be tied up with New Mexico prior to admission to Statehood. The same with regard to New Mexico. The people of both territories should be consulted as to the manner in which they should be taken into the Union. But we forget. The territories have no more right than the Philip-pines, and but little more than the Porto Ricans. They are solely governed by Congress, and there is no redress. Congress is governed by—what does

govern Congress? Is it No. 23 Wall street, or 26 Broadway, or both?

THERE are eleven vacancies in the Missouri legislature, not counting, of course, those vacancies that are occupied.

Needed the Money

PERHAPS we shall have to forgive David R. Francis for taking the bonds and stocks that Charlie Platt took from his mother and sisters and brothers. Maybe "Dave" needed them to recoup himself for the losses on the Rock Island stock he bought all unconscious that it was "Jim" Campbell that was unloading at top figures prior to a slump.

New St. Louis Graft

A WATER company out in the county wants the City of St. Louis to stop furnishing water to the people in that division of the State, so that the aforesaid private water company may charge the people more than the city charges. The city is expanding extensively into the county, and as it does it must gather in a lot of snap water, gas and street railroad franchises, all of which will become more valuable by reason of the increase of population in their region. These franchise companies will trim this new and greater population good and plenty. Their chief victims will be the owners of small homes. The city will have to buy out some of those county franchises at fancy prices. The franchises are mostly held by our self-styled best citizens. They represent a new era of new and greater graft in new and greater St. Louis.

AFTER all, a Bernard Shaw play is to be read, not seen, on the stage. It is more wit than action.

Inviting the Deluge

MR. WALTER B. STEVENS, Secretary of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company, in an address before "The Round Table" of St. Louis, on "The Human Side of Statesmen," ventures a bit of prophecy. After saying that it is probable the President "will go to the end of his term with a steadily increasing tide of public commendation," he adds: "But when his Administration passes into history the student will have to look to Mr. Roosevelt's speeches and writings rather than to the statute books to pass judgment." Mr. Stevens is an old-time Washington correspondent. Latterly he has been very close in touch with the local Big Cinch, which is only a part of the National Big Cinch, and possibly he has there learned that the President cannot get any of his proposed reforms passed by Congress. Mr. Stevens thinks that Roosevelt will be blocked by the Senate and House because they don't like Roosevelt's way. Roosevelt has none of McKinley's soft-soapiness. Also, though Mr. Stevens doesn't say so, none of McKinley's reverence for the big businesses that put up campaign funds and keep their tools in the Senate. Mr. Stevens' two sentences in his very interesting address are very significant of what the sort of people Mr. Stevens has been associating with for about three years hope for as a result of Roosevelt's labors. The Secretary of the World's Fair might as well have said outright that the Senate will defeat rate regulation. There is no better authority than Mr. Stevens, usually, but he is mistaken if he thinks that all the people want is the expression of Roosevelt in his writings and speeches. The President's writings and speeches are not laws, and those writings and speeches will have no effect whatever in history or in life unless they shall be embodied in the statutes. This attitude of some people towards Roosevelt—"Oh, let Teddy talk;

that's all it will amount to"—is exactly the attitude that will bring about such a revolutionary upheaval as will rid the Senate of its roster of railroad and trust representatives, and replace them with men who will go further in the restraint of corporation power than ever Theodore Roosevelt dreamed of going. Mr. Walter B. Stevens speaks the truth of the spirit of the class that makes up the Big Cinches—the men who have concluded to let Roosevelt have full swing with tongue and pen, but to block him when it comes to putting his purposes into execution. This cynic attitude only invites "the deluge."

Save the Park

THE steam railroads must not be allowed to grab Forest Park, even if the Big Cinch does control the present City Hall crowd. The park belongs to the people. It shouldn't be turned over to private exploitation as the old Missouri Park now is, with its disgraceful ramshackle barn of an old Exposition Building, and a lot of catch-penny shows running therein. Save the Park, members of the Municipal Assembly!

Crooks on Both Sides

SO MUCH crookedness in the Cowdry-Wood contest in the Twelfth Congressional District that Congress won't trust the testimony on either side. This is the same decision that was made in the Horton-Butler contest. Was there ever an honest election in that district? Colonel Butler said not long ago that there hadn't been an honest election in St. Louis in twenty years.

Ponderous Grover

GROVER CLEVELAND has lectured the doctors for not telling us what's the matter with us when we're sick. He thinks medicine is surrounded and accompanied by too much mystery and mummery. The ex-President is right, undoubtedly; but isn't the popularization of medicine as great an evil. The advertising quacks make use always of the Cleveland argument; so do the patent medicine poisoners. The psychological vagaries of cure also use this patter. A science has to have a technical terminology, and one of fine shadings. As for big words, who is more sesquipedalian in verbiage than G. Cleveland himself?

Nasty Quacks.

THE papers of this city are going to cut out the nasty quack advertisements, the *Star-Chronicle* leading off in the reform. The others were threatened with prosecutions. Now the authorities must clean out the corporations that practice medicine. Corporations chartered under the commercial statutes cannot practice medicine. The practice of medicine is under the control of the State Board of Health. Corporations cannot evade the health laws by hiding behind the business laws. How can a company prescribe or perform surgical operations? The Medical Society does well in moving for the extirpation of such companies, and the Missouri Dental Society does well in joining the crusade as against incorporated dental companies.

Mizner-Yerkes

MRS. YERKES has been married to Mr. William Mizner, and they appear to be two deliciously silly people. If this was foreseen by the late miscellaneous and millionaire Yerkes, much of his orientalism of conduct was pardonable. A woman who will marry a chap like Mizner, and then rival him in rapid folly immediately after the wedding, could hardly have been expected to hold the affection and respect of a man like Yerkes. If Mrs. Yerkes was mistreated by the magnate, this performance of hers

goes far to prove that she probably was treated as well as she deserved.

A Fund for the Boys

THE free bridge bond proposition will have to stand on its own bottom before the people—if it ever gets there. The interests will have a chance to beat it. They can put up to insure that the judges and clerks of election will return a vote that will pass the bond features the Mayor wants, and beat this feature he does not want. The boys of the party committees will have a chance at a "fund," too. Times have been bad lately. An election in which the interests are interested will mean prosperity for those who can deliver the goods.

Wicked Franklin Lane

SENATOR FORAKER seems determined that Franklin K. Lane, of California, shall not be confirmed as Interstate Commerce Commissioner, because the railroads don't want Lane. The railroads don't want him because he's a Single Taxer. He is a Single Taxer because he is for the people, and believes the people have rights in the public highways occupied by the railroads. The railroads want no one on the Commission who can see anything except as the railroads want him to see it. Therefore President Roosevelt's appointment of Lane is the best appointment he has yet made.

Does the majority rule in this country? If so, then Mr. John Mitchell will please take note and believe that the people of this country do not want his promised coal strike on April 1st. The people pay these coal strike bills.

Cardinal Gibbons on Wealth.

CARDINAL GIBBONS denies that "all men are created equal" and maintains that there must ever be social inequality. The Cardinal dodges the issue. The claim for equality is made on the basis that the vast majority of men are denied equality of opportunity by reason of conditions that debar them from opportunity. We know that all men are not equal mentally and physically, but we know also that men would be nearer equal if the laws did not give advantage to some over others. Men cannot amass wealth if they are cut off by law from the chance to earn wealth or if the laws rob them of the fruits of their labor by taxing them for the benefit of others who do not work. If the value of what a man creates by his labor is taken from him by those who control that whereon his labor must be exerted—in the last analysis, the land—then his inequality with the man who so taxes him is not and can never be, as the churchman declared in his address of last Sunday, of divine ordination. God cannot authorize robbery, and upon robbery all inequality is founded. God made the earth for all His children and being a just God cannot approve those who take the earth to their own non-use to the oppression and deprivation of those who need it whereon to live, and cannot have it save upon the harsh terms of those who hold it. If God favors inequality, then how can God punish those of us not mentally or spiritually capable of keeping His laws. The trouble with this whole question is that Cardinal Gibbons is mistaken when he speaks for God. God has never yet condemned anyone, but a great many men assuming and presuming to speak for God, have acted and approved acts, helped create and sustain the creation of conditions, worthier of devils than of any just and merciful God. Cardinal Gibbons declares all authority comes from God. Does God authorize the taxing of the many for the few? Does God approve of the oppression of the multitudes by laws cunningly devised for the advantage of those unscrupulous enough to

the advantage? When we are told to "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's" we understand that this sanctifies government, but is the water, or the air? Does God expect us to submit tamely to authority that has its basis in the methods of Rockefeller, Armstrong, the insurance thieves—in bought law, in bribery, in perjury, in theft. Every iniquity under which man suffers and groans is entrenched behind a claim of authority. Authority panoplied Nero in his revels, Tiberius at Capri, St. Bartholomew's day, the Sicilian vespers, the Drogheda massacre. If wealth is right as wealth, then the end justifies the means. But there is no warfare on wealth as wealth. The only wealth upon which war is made is that wealth made by and belonging to all the people that is unjustly centered in and controlled by the few who have devised laws to rob the many. What any man earns is his own, how great soever or how small. What a man steals or wrests by force or unjust laws from others is not his own. What a man has unjustly arrogated to himself of the public's wealth or labor, the public may, can and should take from him by laws made in the public's interest. Cardinal Gibbons may not know it, but it is he and not those he condemned in his last Sunday's sermon, that talks like an anarchist.

♦♦

Stork Parties

SOCIETY ladies of East St. Louis are giving "stork parties." We trust that these are among the things that the bridge arbitrary will keep from crossing the river. A stork party is, of course, a party to welcome the stork. The stork is a welcome visitor, but excitement, and especially dancing, is likely to keep away the visitor the party is designed to honor. Stork parties should be discouraged in East St. Louis and elsewhere, at least until after the bird has come and gone.

♦♦

Wuerpel on Whistler

MR. EDMUND H. WUERPEL of this city will give three lectures, February 8th, 12th and 15th, at Memorial Hall, upon Whistler, the man, the artist and the predominating art influences during Whistler's period. Mr. Wuerpel, himself an eminent and unique and idealistic artist, knew Whistler, well, his fine, lovable qualities as well as his oddities and foibles, and will interpret him as he knew him, while he will give an illuminating insight as well into the method and motive of work of "the Butterfly." Whistler was a strange personality, as his art is something different from other art. His character shows in his art, and only one who knew and loved and worked with the queer compound of *Ariel*, *Puck* and the serious, painstaking worker, as Mr. Wuerpel did, can do justice to the subject of that art and that character. All lovers of art in general, and in particular all who have been fascinated by the exquisite, dainty, whimsicality of Whistler should make it a point to hear Mr. Wuerpel. They will hear about Whistler in the words of one not inadequate in the sort of phrase that Whistler himself occasionally uttered. Miss Cornelia G. Fisher, of the Grand Avenue Hotel, has charge of the details. The lectures begin to-night, and the first is, above all, not the one to miss. Speaker and subject combine to command big and brilliant audiences—if St. Louis ever does care for anything that isn't tawdry or commonplace. Wuerpel is one of our big men. It is time our people discovered him, even if at first only as one *stat nominis umbra*.

♦♦

Promotion in the Army

EVERYBODY in the army appears to be in a state

of being passed up. The retired list lengthens steadily. Promotion by seniority works some queer effects in bringing men to the head of the army out of departments of service whence they could not naturally come by any system based upon efficiency. Promotion by selection gives rise to talk of personal favoritism as in the case of General Leonard Wood. Secretary of War Taft proposes promotion by examination of the officers next in line, and their elimination if they fail to pass. This will be an improvement upon old methods.

♦♦

Folk's Progress.

GOVERNOR FOLK moves on and up. He's a good single taxer. Note his declaration for the abolition of personal taxes. That's the true doctrine. Don't tax what a man earns or makes. Tax what he owes to the public while holding of the public. The tax burden should be borne by those who engross public rights to themselves in order to tax their fellows. Folk progresses.

♦♦

Exit Kiely.

No Chief of Police can keep his job and out of trouble, so long as he is only nominal head of the force. He must suffer for the sins of one set of bosses when another set comes into power. That's all there is to the fall of Kiely. Barring the politics Kiely was a good Chief, too good in some things, as implied in the saying of a Civic Federationist: "We'll never have another strike-breaker like Kiely."

♦♦

A Social Tragedy.

THE irony of life and death! Mrs. Lil McNair, always the one most to be depended on in real St. Louis society, to drive away the blue devils of others, killed herself in an access of melancholia. A sweet, fresh air, frank-hearted woman of exquisite taste and tact and tenderness, without airs or affectation was she, and her husband was her complement. This private domestic tragedy is indeed, in a social way, in St. Louis felt almost as a public misfortune.

♦♦

The Castellanes

LITTLE Anna Countess de Castellane is said to have fallen out with the little Count Boni. Even tainted money is too good to be wasted on creatures like Castellane. From all accounts he treated his wife villainously. The Gould girl should come home with her children and stay here. She has paid for her empty title, and suffered enough to deserve our silence as to any reminder that she only got what her bargain implied.

♦♦♦

A Day With Folk

By Charles B. Oldham

THE enormous increase of business in the Executive office since Gov. Folk's inauguration, has attracted the attention of all visitors to Jefferson City during the past year. Those entirely familiar say it has doubled. The number of persons who call daily to see the Governor on one kind of business or another is eight or ten times as great as during any previous administration. He not only makes an effort to see everyone, but manages, in some way, to do so. It is an everyday occurrence to find from ten to thirty persons waiting in the reception room for an audience with the Governor. Nothing like this ever happened before in the history of Missouri's Governors, as a regular business. There were times when almost every Governor had more visitors than he knew what to do with, but at other

times he found much leisure. The personal mail of Gov. Folk has grown to such proportions as to require the aid of three men to keep the desk anything like clean. Sometime during the day or night following the receipt of a letter, it is answered, unless it be of a nature not requiring immediate attention. However, Gov. Folk believes strongly in cleaning up each day's business, in so far as it is possible to do so. Invitations to make addresses before bodies of various kinds, touching all manner of subjects, average above ten a day. He would be a much more remarkable man than he is if he could interest all the different kinds of gatherings that send him invitations to speak. The other day, it was noted that his desk contained invitations to address a State gathering of spiritualists, a South Carolina Chautauqua, a Tennessee banker's meeting, a Woman's Rights gathering in Massachusetts, an irrigation convention at Salt Lake City, a Democratic newspaper association at Indianapolis, a Democratic Club at Louisville, a State Sunday-school convention in Iowa, a State Normal in Kansas, an Old Settlers' meeting in Alabama, a Pennsylvania Business Men's League, etc. Even if he had an abundance of spare time, he could not respond to one-twelfth of the invitations that come to him daily. He has accepted very few invitations since he has been Governor. In fact, he finds all of his time taken up in Jefferson City. When he does leave, it is for a very brief period. In truth, it may be said that business keeps the Governor's nose down pretty close on the grindstone. An hour after all the other State offices are closed in the Capitol building, business is brisk in the Executive office. There are no sinecures about that office. Everybody, from the Governor down to the negro janitor, who is very much afraid of ghosts after dark, earns his salary. The employes consider themselves exceedingly lucky if they get away from the Governor's office as early as 6 p. m. They could not "make a sneak" on the Governor, for the reason that he is always the last to leave the office. Now, all this may mean that Missouri has suddenly become a very large State, or that there is something about the Governor that attracts public attention. The facts are as stated. He does not complain. If he grows weary of the string of callers, he does not say so. If his temper is ever ruffled, none knows it. He listens well, but he has a truly remarkable way of closing an interview without brusqueness—and yet never failing to close it when the end has been reached. He does not tell the visitor that the audience is at an end. He does not fidget, look at his watch, or adopt any of the common methods of getting rid of visitors in a polite way. Through some occult impression, the visitor knows, at a certain point in the conversation, that his time is up, and pleasantly bows himself out of the Executive presence. It is an impossibility to get anything out of Gov. Folk that he does not voluntarily impart. Every newspaper man who knows him well will verify this statement. If he intends to impart information, it will come freely and without any "pumping." When the shadows are long in the summer, or the shades of night have fallen in winter, he leaves the Executive office. His evening meal at the Mansion is hastily dispatched, and then he climbs a narrow and steep stairway to his "den" on the third floor and remains until about midnight. He reads the newspapers, magazines, glances at books, writes letters and dispatches executive business left over from the day. Seldom, indeed is it, that he retires before midnight. Night visitors at the Mansion eat in on his time somewhat up to 10 o'clock, but after that he can remain undisturbed in his "den" until all the city is wrapped in slumber. Such, in brief, is the daily routine of Gov. Folk. His task is easily double that undertaken by any former Governor, not even excepting Francis, who was, and is still, a hustler. He is an early riser, and in spite of the work he performs, always reaches his office looking fresh.

Two Books by St. Louis Preachers

By Percy Vincent Donovan.

Dr. Johnston On Truth*

"Many of us have failed in advancing the Kingdom, not because we lack knowledge, faith, or brotherly love, but because we had no well defined plan"

IT is a difficult matter to review a book of simple sermons, eloquent because they are straightforward; and convincing because they never stoop to reasoning on the same plane with philosophy. Stoop, we say, because we think that the highest kind of religion is higher than the highest kind of philosophy, for philosophy is essentially intellectual, whereas intellect is no more than an essential attribute of religion.

Therefore we select a sentence from Dr. Johnston's book to interpret rather than to criticise. Let it be well seen that only those books can be criticised which deliberately expose themselves by seeking to prove something logically. Then the only way of proof lies in threshing the matter out. And the originator of the proposition who needs logic wherewith to support it thus demonstrates a certain lack of conviction, which in Oxford professors is worthy, but in men of action, weak. Preachers, prophets, statesmen—all these are essentially men of action. And men of action argue, but never about essentials. Paul before Festus, before the Athenians, and in many epistles argued much, but his argument was inspired with a well defined plan—the salvation of mankind. In virtue of which Paul's essential springs of action are never brought in question. Humanity is the subject—not God. For the soul of argument is law and God is love; and "by the law cometh sin." There you have St. Paul.

Now for a modern contrast. Was Napoleon wont to argue? As a matter of fact the root of his ultimate failure lay in the sound reasoning that mocked at the love of Josephine. Or did Bismarck seek to justify his unquestionably well-defined plan of the German union? He certainly argued with the Reichstag for money to carry out the policy which he delivered like a papal dogma. No! Action is not built on argument.

Yet there are many preachers in America, and probably more in England, good, sound theologians, who are all so utterly unworthy of the faith they profess that they write large books of subtle argument wherein one sees them little by little giving way to argument about essentials. Such men degrade Christianity in accepting their religion as a question rather than as a statement. And the world laughs at them.

Dr. Johnston makes a statement of it; and we admire him. What arguments he uses are to him nothing more than means of reassurance for his hearers, and only for such as are weak. That is the true utility of argument to a man of action, as a sword in the battle.

It is easy for men to assimilate a vast hoard of knowledge—and looking on it, call it thought. But the only way to make knowledge thoughtful, is to inspire with a plan—to use it actively. Then men win respect—each in his degree—the philosopher for thought made orderly that it may serve higher purposes; the scientist for discoveries in nature that shall make life happier; the artist for victorious beauty; the statesman for service done to the nation; and so on, each in his degree. But one thing is needed to make the plan live—conviction of oneself.

And "thought made orderly for higher purposes," means philosophy, in its widest sense inclusive of all

other knowledge, art, statecraft, science, in splendid subordination to the master-scheme, which is the text of one of Dr. Johnston's sermons "God is Love." Then shall everything be truly one thing.

"One as the ordered stars are one that sweep upon their way;

One with the rhythmic glories of the swinging sea and the rolling sun;

One with the flow of life and death; the tides of night and day;

One with all dreams of beauty,

One with all laws of duty,

One with the weak and helpless while the one sky burns above;

Till eyes by tears made glorious

Look up at last victorious,

And lips that starved break open in one song of life and love."

♦♦♦

Dr. Holland On Socialism*

THERE have been thoughts of which the possession alone has dignified scholarly thinkers into being poets. And such thoughts, as indeed the poet said, have shaken the world. But ineffectual optimism, like ineffectual pessimism, in modern sociology is not worth as much as any newspaper report of any critical case in high finance. For the people often reform because of newspaper reports. Good writing and theoretical rectitude do not suffice modern philosophy.

The Slocum lectures of 1896, partially inspired by Markham's "Man with the Hoe," and here collected into a book, are violently right in theory, eloquently written, luminously thought out, and their conclusion of the whole matter is ineffectual; after all, but a fire-fly light.

And then, they are terribly dogmatic, here and there. Granted that the French mind has limitations that make common sense its greatest glory, what right has any man to lapse into such indignity as this: It actually argues a want of humorous perception:

"Frivolity is Frenchy."

Is not that an imbecile sentence to write directly after such a grand truth as this:

"Living languages are confessions of national character."

Is it not immediately visible how the man whose thoughts impel such writing, ought never to have written a book at all? There is such a tide of mediocrity in literature to-day that only great books, that is to say, books of effect, ought to be forgiven—whether they be fiction, fact, or philosophy.

This book, soundly entitled the "Commonwealth of Man," is full of quotations, mostly from Tennyson. And many chapters are headed with couplets from the "Man with the Hoe." In each chapter, not the poem, but the inspiration of the poem, and its conclusions are descanted on, explained, reversed. Yet the poem will outlive the book; although you might not think so.

Rev. Dr. Holland, the clergyman who wrote the book, is obviously an enthusiast, obviously sincere, obviously much to be praised for having such thoughts. But his rhetoric is good for diversion only.

Neither the threefold desire to entertain, to create, and to make money, nor the spontaneous efforts of born artists, nor even all these together, produce so much critical diversion as can be drawn from those

*"The Commonwealth of Man," by Robert Afton Holland, S. T. D. The Slocum Lectures, 1904, delivered at the University of Michigan. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

books which are written out of much learning and the contemplation of life. And such books, wherein logic is mostly built upon enthusiasm, (aspiring to be logical, and thus only to be convincing), usually succeed in being terribly dogmatic. Now we do not deny, (in fact, we believe), that conviction is just as worthily produced by dogma as by logic, and better even by both together—that is, by a kind of dogmatic logic; but the inspiration which is the fundamental power must be true, which means that it must demonstrate its truth through what it creates, in an appeal to that undoubted instinct of common sense in all of us, that alone recognizes truth for truth, and penetrates falsehood. Then we can forgive a speaker his follies, and allow the whole to be a compensation for any part.

This book has been written out of much learning, and the contemplation of life. A double quotation, from pages 68-69, points much of its optimistic moral.

"Certainly of all the beneficiaries of this new industrial era, labor has least right to complain. It has had more than its share, more than it could have ventured to hope for, more than it could have dreamed as its most communistic award. . . . The reign of the plutocrat is not so bad, after all. He need not be a Nero of finance. His money may have some other mission than to crush and corrupt. Money is what money wants and does. Its character is in its ideals."

Perhaps one more quotation is fairer to the author, page 185:

"And the administration of oaths of civil office by the Book of the Church, and the placing of crowns on the heads of kings by her hands—are they not the Church's avowal that government, too, is sacred, and the state a viceroy of God, whose duties in its citizens are their vice regal honor; whereas, if the state be but the watch dog of private interests its duties will appear low and dog-like, and its honors such only as distinguish hound from cur."

That is the English ideal of the established church—and a good ideal, too. But the author applauded nationality and national feeling (rather at the expense of France), further back; and now we would ask two questions: What is the church of the Constitution of the United States? And, is Christianity contained complete in any church at all?

The American people are more religiously Christian than any other people, we think. And their sense of humor will forgive all things to sincerity. But there is an American ideal—better we think than the English, and quite as Christian, which regards the state neither as God's viceroy, nor as the watch dog of private interests—but simply as the state government of the United States, representative and republican, built to preserve equality of opportunity, and sacred only because it is the visible symbol of our independence. We have no viceroy of God—we worship God straight.

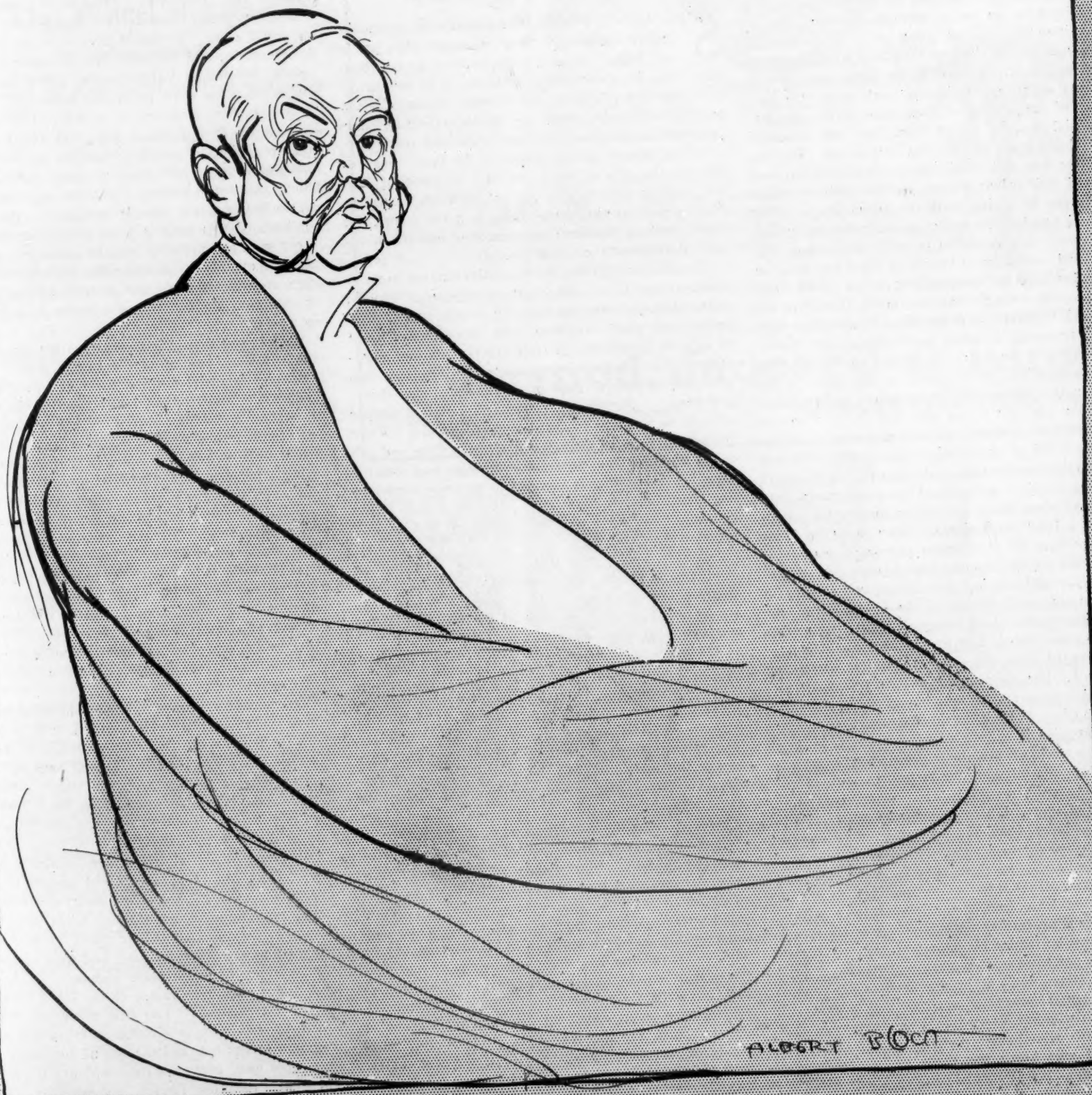
♦♦♦

Kindly Caricatures

[42] H. C. Townsend

PATRIARCH of all active operative railroad men in St. Louis is Henry Clay Townsend, General Passenger Agent of the Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain roads. To him all the jolly, hustling railroad officials look for what light history and experience may throw upon present-day railroad problems. There isn't a better known or better liked railroad official in the United States. Mr. Townsend is not only a powerful and attractive figure in local transportation and commercial affairs, but he is a factor in the social world and this assures to the railroad man from abroad when visiting here a quality of entertainment at Mr. Townsend's hands which can be duplicated nowhere else in the country. Without doubt Mr. Townsend's local standing here is of great

*"The Question of the Hour," by John T. M. Johnston, E. W. Stephens Publishing Co., Columbia, Mo.



benefit to his road, but equally without doubt Mr. Townsend's status as a railroad official has been of great benefit to the town, for it is matter of record and demonstration that if St. Louis has any friends among the great railroad powers controlling trunk lines and enormous business, those friends are the Goulds, and Mr. Townsend is one of the ablest of all the Gould representatives. Mr. Townsend is more than a mere railroad man working the town for business for his road. He is a first-class citizen of St. Louis and whenever any movement for the good of the community is inaugurated he is one of the first to get in, then he draws in the other railroad representatives and is ready to head a round robin to all railroad headquarters asking that this, that or the other thing most desired by St. Louis be granted by the railroads. He never falls down on one of these propositions. He is never without something going on with a view to bring people to this city and State and where he leads the others follow. No man in St. Louis has a wider and more intimate acquaintance with prominent personages of the Nation or does more in his personal and official capacity to get them here and to make things pleasant for them when they come. He has passed the best part of his life booming this city and State and their tributary trade territory and he wields a clever pen in setting forth the arguments to bring trade and people here, while his aesthetic quality has full play in the preparation of such advertising matter as shall appeal by its beauty of form and color in reinforcement of the material arguments of his literature. Not even the veteran George H. Daniels of the New York Central is a more effective advertiser than Harry Townsend. The best testimonial to Mr. Townsend's worth is the general affection he has inspired in the community. At the clubs, in the cafes, in the homes, in the commercial organizations he is popular and among the men in his own line there is no one for whom there is such a genuine good and even enthusiastic word of appreciation and esteem. He is a "papa" to the younger men, each one of whom has ever something to tell in the way of some substantial help in the days when they were first up against the proposition of getting the business. There is no rival for the business of the territory of the Gould roads who doesn't hold Harry Townsend his friend. Mr. Townsend's style and bearing are themselves an instant appeal to the good feeling of those who meet him. He is a past master of all the gracious little formalities that are remembered, and mostly by those who profess to regard them not at all. Kindness personified is H. C. T. His pleasant hobbies are books and pictures and stray verses that keep him in touch with many clever people. A book, an illustration, a clipping is always dropping in on you unexpectedly with his card. He keeps track of everybody and when anyone he knows does a good thing, or is smitten with misfortune, or is caught up with by good luck, there's an instant line of approval, note of sympathy or genial word of congratulation from him. This is not to say that he is effusive, for he is not. He simply keeps trace of his friends and lets them know it in the most delicate fashion. That these gentle qualities do not detract in the least from his efficiency as a railroad man we need no further testimony than is afforded in the fact that he retains his important post at this most important point, no matter what convulsions occur in the great system built up by the Goulds. He is more than the general passenger agent of that system. He is the man who has always the dope whereby is guided the man who makes the greater "front." It is Townsend who keeps the roads he represents well thought of and well treated and well patronized, by the road's rivals, the politicians, the press and the public. There's never anything important going on that he doesn't know about it. There's nothing that one can do for the Gould system that one won't do if Harry Townsend asks it. He is one of the few men that ever were known to have a business of being

popular who seems to follow that business without showing that it's hard work. This community is genuinely fond of Harry Townsend. It has much to be thankful to him for. He has done much to advance its interests in a material way, and he has done much more to make this a pleasant place to live in, simply by living here himself. He is the sort of man who makes you feel ashamed that you ever have felt sour or sore towards the world and the people in it.

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St. Louis Stocks as Investment

By the "Mirror's" Financial Editor

SPECULATION in St. Louis stocks continues rather apathetic. Why is this? Are prices too high? Fourth street brokers do not think so. They are exceedingly optimistic as to the intrinsic merits and values of local shares. Some of them, new factors in the street, are openly exhorting their customers to purchase St. Louis bank and trust company and street railway issues. In fact, "tips" to purchase have been numerous and insistent of late. Yet, trading continues to lag on the stock exchange. There are occasional sharp spurts in a few issues, but there's nothing like a strong, concerted upward movement throughout the active list.

This dullness in the St. Louis investment security market must be considered the consequence, chiefly, of the almost phenomenal activity in real estate. Capitalists and small investors think there's more profit in sight in speculation in large tracts, flats and apartment houses, down-town property, or residence lots promisingly located, than in purchases of our shares and bonds. Pittsburg, Pa., brokers report a similar attitude on the part of their moneyed people. From Philadelphia comes the news that stocks there are still below the high level of a few years ago, and that the investing community is inclined to continue conservative in its market operations. Up to a few weeks ago, much the same conditions prevailed in Chicago's investment market.

Thus it would seem that prevailing disappointing conditions in the St. Louis financial district are neither singular nor abnormal. As a matter of fact, they are perfectly natural, in view of the trend of active speculation in other directions.

Owing to the comparative quietness that characterized stock speculation in this city in the recent months, technical market conditions may be considered healthy. There has been no irrational inflation. There has been no reckless overloading on the part of people who cannot afford to lose. The average St. Louis broker has been, and still is, acting on the square. Local investors of financial acumen and experience have been discriminating in their purchases. This is made clear by the current range of prices.

Take the average price level of our bank and trust company stocks. When compared with that of Chicago, it looks most reasonable. Comparisons with the prices of New York bank shares cannot and should not be made, because they are apt to be misleading. There's only one bank stock in St. Louis that may be said to be yielding less than 3 per cent. on the purchase price,—and that is International. All the others yield more than 3 per cent., one—Bank of Commerce—yielding even in excess of 4 per cent. Mercantile Trust, which, for the year 1905, paid monthly dividends of one dollar a share, and 4 per cent. extra, sells almost on a straight 4 per cent. basis. Missouri-Lincoln, which pays 6 per cent. per annum, may be bought at prices netting considerably more than 4 per cent. to the investor.

Bank stocks have always been popular with a large class of conservative investors. The reason of this is patent. The value of a stock of this kind can, as a rule, be readily ascertained. The banks have to

make their reports at stated intervals. They cannot easily manipulate their accounts. Their reports may readily be digested. And this is what the cautious investor appreciates. But it must not be overlooked that in cases of insolvency, the shareholder in a national bank must pay up, when there is a deficiency, to the full extent of his liability.

The St. Louis financial institutions have done a most profitable business in the past five or six years. This is too well known to need special proof. Local bank clearances, dividend payments and share quotations demonstrate it to everybody's satisfaction. There were mighty cheap bank stocks to be had in St. Louis in 1898 and 1899. Take only one conspicuous instance,—Third National. This stock could be purchased at prices considerably below 100. It did not pay a cent. To-day, it pays three per cent. every three months, and is firmly held at about 320. Mercantile, Mississippi Valley and St. Louis Union Trust shares are a few other prominent instances.

Are further advances in order? Taking a long look ahead, they doubtless are. If you know what you are doing, if you are qualified to discriminate, pick out your favorite bank or trust company stock, buy it and put it away. You are well nigh certain not to lose a penny on the purchase. An outright purchase of this kind is a commendable investment. There may, and probably will, be occasional sharp setbacks in quotations, in sympathy with fluctuations in other security markets and general business, but, in the end, you stand a splendid chance to come out a big winner.

As to our street railway shares, little can as yet be said. Recent and present earnings should indicate a stronger financial position for the United Railways Company. The 1905 net results were distinctly good. They show something earned on the common voting trust certificates. Further improvement is practically certain to be recorded in 1906. The preferred stock, paying 5 per cent. per annum, is quoted at reasonable prices, and so is the common, considering its dividend possibilities. The only trouble with these issues is over-capitalization. There's about \$15,000,000 too much stock outstanding. The Berlin (Germany) Street Railway Co., which owns almost the entire street railway system of that city and suburbs, is capitalized at only \$25,000,000. Berlin has more than 2,000,000 inhabitants, omitting suburbs. The United Railways Co. has a stock capitalization of \$45,000,000. St. Louis has about 750,000 population. Draw your own conclusions.

Yet, United Railways common shares deserve attention as a speculative investment. It is now in about the position which Brooklyn Rapid Transit was in, some years ago, when it ranged between 30 and 50, after soaring as high as 136 in 1899. At present, Brooklyn R. T. is quoted at about 88. Five years from now, United Railways common should be higher than St. Louis & Suburban.

St. Louis industrial shares are decidedly speculative. They cannot be considered strictly first-class investments, though some of them are owned by people who know a good thing when they see it. Naturally, they are quoted at prices more attractive than such as are asked for bank and trust company issues. Simmons Hardware common, for instance, pays 7 per cent. per year. It can be purchased at 125, or thereabouts. The first preferred stock, on which 3½ per cent. is distributed every six months, is quoted at 132 bid, and the second preferred, which pays 4 per cent. every six months, rules at 125½ bid. These are tempting figures, undoubtedly. Similar industrials can be bought at equally attractive prices. The risk in purchases of industrial shares was strikingly revealed by the losses incurred by Tennent Shoe Co. preferred stockholders.

There's no reason to worry about a stock panic in St. Louis at this time. Our security quotations are not preposterous. But they were preposterous a few

years ago, when many margin-buyers came to grief. It is to be noted that some of our bank and trust company shares are still at a good distance below the previous level. Bank of Commerce is a prominent instance in point.

St. Louis investments deserve encouragement, if carefully chosen, and firmly backed up financially. There are St. Louis shares which are a deal better than many which Wall street is frantic about and buying at prices yielding only from 2 to 3 per cent. on the investment.

The Wheel of Life

By Frances Porcher

"In which the Romantic Hero is conspicuous by his absence."

WHEN Ellen Glasgow headed as above the first chapter of the philosophic and analytic, fictional essay on social conditions, which she calls "The Wheel of Life," she might as well have used it for a sub-title to the book itself.

There has seldom been a book written in which there is a greater dearth of the romantic hero—indeed, or the romantic heroine—or less of the passion we call Love in its idealistic phases. Truly, as Miss Glasgow touches with her art the giddy wheel of life she but:

"Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things,"

and when the book is laid aside there is less memory of the character drawing and plot of the story to linger with one than there is of the abstract analysis of life and love. And that is why I say "fictional essay." For, as interesting a bit of fiction as the story is, its chief hold upon the mentality of the reader lies in the result of what the publishers are pleased to call "the insight of a social philosopher."

Just what the quality of that hold is depends upon the individual's pessimistic capacity. "Individuals wary," as *Tony Weller* might put it. Some have been known to achieve ecstatic delight and uplifting visions under flagellation and others, like the monk who slept for years on the teeth of a harrow and failed afterwards to enjoy bodily peace on any other bed, do not compass mental repose or enjoyment except under similar conditions. But all of us do not attain to pleasant visions under a flagellation and many of us, in fact, most of us, prefer our mental repose off the harrow. Perhaps we are cowardly and want to repose too much, perhaps we labor under an hallucination that a piece of fiction is mainly intended to please, and yet that is at once a false view as concerns modern story writing, if we stop to think a minute, for modern fiction is nothing if not the flower of literature grown out of the soil of moral responsibility. The days when fiction grew out of the soil of just plain human nature taken as a whole passed to a great extent with Dickens and Thackeray and Dumas and Fielding. To-day we feel our consciences nagging us and we all have a message to deliver but it is a message that grows out of the brain of the analyst. Where the dead and gone novelists used a trowel we use the tiny little forceps and things that belong to mental surgery. And so Miss Glasgow has selected a class and gone to work at it with her mental probes and forceps. She has gone into poor humanity and shown us how futile it is to expect the ideals of life and the romance of love among the wealthy of society.

She made no mistake in the selection of her class, for everybody from the leaders of that class to the shop-girl behind the counter and the butler in his pantry finds a certain enjoyment in the vivisection of the rich; the rich themselves because it is a personal matter and the shop-girls and butlers because of an

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intense and enthusiastic curiosity about a circle that swings in another stratum of atmosphere.

But, whatever be our individual affinities for pessimistic analysis, the main thing in writing about a story, after all, is to decide whether or not, from an artistic standpoint, the book is a perfect piece of work and approaches the ambitious design of the author. Having decided to vivisection society with its frivolities and make-believe passions and empty loves and baseless illusions, has she used the artistic touch with the same nicety with which she handles the conscientious probe? She has come very near it. Not as near as Edith Wharton in "The House of Mirth," perhaps, but with so much success that the finished work affects one as certain pictures do in the adjustment of their shadows—we may not like the subject, we may not believe in it from our point of view; but, given a certain arrangement of things under certain lights and conditions we must acknowledge that the shadows could fall no other way.

We may cry *cui bono?* till we are hoarse, but if such novels must be, for the sake of the questionable comfort we get out of them, let us at least enjoy the artistic touch while our flesh creeps as we look on, and are disillusioned by the writhings of the subject on the table of vivisection.

All the prominent women in "The Wheel of Life" but one, are creatures of clay, and all the men, but one, are creatures of the flesh, which is what we all are to a degree in reality I suppose and yet so mercifully have we been clothed upon with certain ideals about each other that our little illusions are not only pleasant in themselves but do considerable toward keeping society (outwardly at least) sweet and decent.

The peculiar and fit relations of the devil to the leisure class was conceded as far back as Dr. Watts (or some other hymn-writer), when he stated that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,"

and it is true beyond a doubt that Society (with a capital S) has everywhere its good-natured Perry Bridewells, who worship the gods of the stomach and who flit from mild liaison to mild liaison and yawn at last through life. Sometimes the *Perry Bridewells* are married to women, who like *Gerty*, try to pretend an affection for the man, when it is really but an affection for the person the woman believes or wants the man to be in her own imagination (and a good thing it is for Society, too), and we have all met the *Mrs. Rosa Paynes* who, nearing the grave, yet clutch back at youth and wear faces "like an old and tattered comic mask which, though it has been flung aside as no longer provocative of pleasant mirth, still carries upon its cheeks and eyebrows the smears of the rouge pot and the pencil."

Too often, alas, in the lottery of matrimony, we find the *Rosa Paynes* drawing just such a prize as her husband: "A man of great unsatisfied tenderness who indulged a secret charity as another man might have indulged a vicious taste," and there are plenty of *Arnold Kempers*, of the flesh, fleshly, but good fellows withal, full of generous impulses and utterly devoid of moral stability.

Against the background of people like this Miss Glasgow throws out in relief her one man and one woman who are to preserve our faith in the indestructibility of the Ideal. Of these two, *Roger Adams* is at once the more perfect (because the more human) type, and the more artistic delineation of character. He is simply a good man to the core, and he struggles for the salvation of a wife whom he has been forced to cease to love—a woman with a butterfly soul and an absolute lack of moral force—with all the power and grip of a strong, tender and faithful soul. In his unflinching patience and pity for poor *Connie* when she flits from one extreme of social excitement to another of drug debauchery, he portrays the divine side of a man and he is no less attractive when

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we see him struggling beforehand with the temptation to give up efforts that are as futile, apparently, as the rolling of the stone of Sisyphus.

The character of the heroine, *Laura Wilde*, is beautifully and consistently drawn, but she is not so human, to start with, as *Roger Adams*. She has been touched sufficiently with the divine fire to be set apart from other women, and yet not enough to be satisfied with the exaltations of intellect and to make of mental ambitions a final goal.

She is feverish with a desire to turn every page of life and the inconsistency of her character lies in the fact that while her environment and family history as well as her birthright of genius, have made of her a creature apart from ordinary women, she has no superior touchstone of intuition by means of which she can detect the glorified passion of love from the animal desire of the chase. And so she makes her mistake that almost wrecks two lives and comes at last through much tribulation into the perfect knowledge of herself and the meaning of life.

Miss Glasgow has achieved a brilliant book and an artistic success, but it is not much pleasanter reading than "The House of Mirth," by Edith Wharton, nor is it as good literature. "The Wheel of Life" might be the wheel of torture, so many are broken upon it, and after all, though Society may be rotten and wealth may be Dead Sea apples, and leisure may be Satan's workshop, it is more comfortable to hold tight to some illusions about our fellow man and to agree with the philosophy of Endymion that

"The world is a wheel, and it will all come round right."

"I DIDN'T know what the strenuous life was until it came to these preparations for a wedding in the family."—T. R.

SENATOR KINNEY looks like the man to redeem and purify the Twelfth District of Missouri by electing himself to Congress.

Blue Jay's Chatter

Dearest Jenny Wren:

PERMIT me to place before you the leading society conundrum of the minute—no, darling, there's nothin' nayther scandalous nor divorcey about it, ayther. It's very much on the square, and altogether proper and propriety. Hist! give ear; 'tis thusly:

What relation is Mrs. Johnson-Jones-Schaus to herself?

Now, my dearest one, there isn't a single thing intended humorously about that; it's a plain, straightforward question appertaining to and concerning which we are all anxious to be informed. I repeat: What kin is the Widow Jones, born Johnson, and now the wedded wife of one Schaus of Greater New York to her own person?

Oh, quit yure joshin', I'me given you de straight goods, see?

And I'll bet you can't answer it inside four years, and two of 'em leap ones, at that. Now this is the situation: Mother knows all about it because Mother is distantly related to the Johnson family through the Lucases. You know, dearest, everybody in St. Louis belongs to some one of the Lucas, the Papin or the Benoist clans—nothing else in the family line counts.

Well, Tuesday this week Sally Johnson, whose mother was a Lucas, married the widower of her sister, one William Schaus, of the only metropolis, Little Old New York. Now, you see, Mr. Schaus has a daughter, Wilhelmina, who was married about a year ago with private cars and tulle veils, and the whole bloomin' party imported from the East, and Wilhelmina is now Mrs. Jenkins of Cross Corners, Arizona, or some such place—ain't it awful, Jane, what we poor women have to put up with when we can't help ourselves? Anyhow, I guess Jenkins is all

right, if they do live on a ranch, and maybe Minna likes it, or says she does—it reminds me of Firmin Desloge and that lovely little Plummer girl, now Mrs. D, all alone together with each other in the wilds of Joplin, and Holmes Thomson, who is Mrs. Something, doing her durndest across the river in the vast expanse of Edwardsville, and Lotta Klemm, who had the bang-uppest church wedding the town ever saw, engaged in social stunts somewhere East of Suez, or is it Manila? Well, darling, we're all here and alive, and let me get back to the Schaus conundrum.

Wilhelmina Schaus-Jenkins came on to see her father married the other day, and he did marry, and he married the sister of his deceased wife—though the Lucases all say Aunt Johnson wasn't smitten with the idea at all, for Schaus is a settled person, though with loads of the coin, and Sally is young and very much up to the second, as it were, with two kids that are peaches. Anyhow they are now one, and here's what we want to know, and if so, where are we at?

Wilhelmina's aunt is now her mother.

Wilhelmina's aunt is the sister of her mother.

Wilhelmina's mother is the sister of her aunt.

Wilhelmina's mother is her aunt.

Therefore, it's as plain as a pikestaff that Wilhelmina's mother must be her own sister.

That'll be all for the Schauses, though the wedding was lovely, Mum said, with flowers in bang-up style the way the Johnsons always do things, and they have gone abroad—the bride and groom—to the Riviera, to bask in the smiles of Southern France for awhile.

♦

Jee Whilikens, Jane, why didn't I up and tell you about the Paul Browns, when onces they had a chanst? It has come—and went. But they'll get another, and honest to gracious, their recep. last week was just about the swellest thing we've seen along

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that line this winter, and it's the tr-r-ooth I'm a'givin' yez, me darlin'. You see, foxy Mrs. B. just waited and waited, until all that slobbery holiday slush with the kids and the debutantes was down and out, and we had settled into a dead "clam" with the theaters all on the bummy bum and only bridge, which gets stale and unprofitable after you been to seven in a week's time. Then she sent out cards for a big evening smash, and by gum! but she got 'em. Every last individual that's worth money in this here town was there, for mother said so. I didn't go, as it was mostly for the married only, though I saw by the papers next day that Charlie Senter made his debut on that auspicious occasion, and came out with a claw or something—maybe it was only a clawhammer coat, but you can bet he rushed around genially and with enthusiasm, Charlie is nice, even if he don't send the girls candy any more.

Let's see if I can remember all the blue points which we ate for breakfast that morning after the Brown to-do. Mother was crazy—said it was simply gu-lorious, and that none such had been perpetrated since Mrs. J. L. D. Morrison received two years ago at Mahler's, or maybe it was the Woman's Club. You know the Browns bought the old La Prella house. I don't know where the La Prellas moved, but they found that big monster of a house somewhat of a white elephant, I guess, so they sold it after the girls married. Effie was the one who tied up with a son of "Cotton" James Allen. I believe it was a younger "Jim," anyhow, they didn't seem to hit it off for awhile—don't know where they are now, but I hope living in peace and plenitude down in Texas. Effie didn't like ranching, and said she'd rather live in a much hotter place than Texas than live in Texas, or something with the same sentimental ideas, Jane, and so they came North, but I haven't heard from her for some time, and so I hope they've made it up for true. Well, the Browns bought the La Prella's house, and when young Paul married sweet Kitty Bellairs, no, 'twas Bonties, wasn't it? why, Pa and Ma Brown just took the young things right into the new nest, which was all ready and swathed in pink silk and Valenciennes lace and polka dot net, and you know all that kind o' truck which they always rig up for brides and grooms. K. and young Paul have a suite on the third floor, which is a perfect dream, and I know that's so, for Tom Anderson's wife, who was little Gerty Ballard, told me once, when we met at the manicure's. Tom is one of the also runnings for Congress, Jane, and we are all so terribly devoted to Gerty that we hope both Harry Coudrey and Tom will be elected at the same time. Can't they do something like that when they find out how popular

both gents are? I think it would be simply perfect and altogether sweet and appropriate, don't you, darling? Do you suppose it would do any good to write a letter to darling Mr. Roosevelt? But I expect Alice's wedding is taking up all of his time now. It must be awful getting that girl's clothes paid for. Why, Jane, she can never hope to wear 'em, and they say they are all in dozens—and you know how terribly yellow those things always get, laid away, and how we may not be wearing 'em in two pieces by next season at all. Very foolish, I call it, and while Papa is President, he isn't a James Campbell or yet a George Gould, by any means. But you never can tell, as we hear this week. Maybe all this trousseau guff is only in the fashion peoples' imaginations.

✦

Speaking of the James Campbells, dearest, they were at the Browns that night, the first social function where Mother has seen them in several years. You know, they're always going off to Europe in automobiles and things, and down to Florida in private yachts and the rest. Mrs. Campbell wore just about the most expensive get-up in the house. It was pale sea-foam green—so mother says, but her eyesight is so poor I shouldn't be a whit surprised if it had been delicate Nile blue, or, perhaps, opalescent pink. Well, anyhow, it was very much on the upgrade as to cos', and only moderately down-grade as to cut, for while Mrs. C. has the dandiest shoulders in Westmoreland place, she doesn't condescend to show 'em as often as the heart could wish.

And it was trimmed all round and up and hither and yon with yards and reams of exquisite real old point lace, the kind I'd sit up nights with, if anybody asked me to, and she wore very few ornaments, which is not only in the best of taste, but lets you think that she knows what artistic dressing is, and how to do the thing properly. James kind of kited round in the throng, looking easy and proud of the admiration his wife got. I do love these substantial men, Jane, who show the horse sense they've got and don't care who knows it, either.

Mother had all her clothes and her false hair torn off her in the smash. She said it was the worst jam of the last twenty years, and if Father doesn't learn to push and shove any better than he does, now I'm not going to take him out again; why, my dear, he seems to forget completely that I am not as robust as he, and at one time I found him close by the dining-room door with that handsome Mrs. Gardner, and looking distinctly foolish, my dear, when he saw me trying to extricate myself from the crowd on the stairway. Mrs. Gardner, Jane, must have been a

dream, Mother said she wore rose pink and yards of the loveliest lace, and with her dark glowing color and jumping black eyes, it was enough—enough to turn Pap's head, now, warn't it?

The parents said they were four hours getting from the front hall into the room where the Brown quartette shook hands, then to the feed-room and out again. But it paid, oh, dear me, yes, and the spread was ducky—all hot, and such scrumptious patties and salads, and the ices all done up in flowers—why, Jane, the artificial flowers, like velvet orchids and sich, which they had on the plates, must have cost money, and I know one girl, but for heaven's sake don't give me away, Jane, she went out to the dining-room four times, and made one of the nigger waiters give her a purple orchid every time, and—listen to this, Jane, I met her in Barr's yesterday afternoon and she had on the sweetest matinee hat—all that thin stuff which you can see through, and those same identical four orchids were perked up on the side. Just suppose she meets Mrs. Brown some day in that hat. But Mrs. B. will never give her what's coming to her, and I think the way people walk off with things that don't belong to 'em is nothing short of hysterical, that's what it is, Jane. Why, darling, I saw one woman who is prominently mentioned in all the society columns of this town—and sometimes she goes to New York, too, and stops at the Walled-Off, and I saw her with my very own spectacles, take one of the Washington cherry trees right off'n the table at the Van Blarcom D. A. R. stunt—and it was so cunning, too, and a part of the general scheme of color and the decorations, and she didn't care who saw her, either, and her husband tried to make her put it back, for men have some common sense about such things, Jane, though he does do business on 'change—but, bless your dear, trusting little heart, she nearly froze him into an orange ice, and just shut her lips and carried off the tree, and a whole lot of us who could only look on and see the Van Blarcom decorations being thus vandalized, were correspondingly scandalized. Don't I wish I had put that into a small section of poetry, Jane? But then, I always bust into rime somehow, don't I? It seems to come natural, like eating one's meals or powdering one's face.

✦

The Brown house has its ceilings too low, but they didn't build 'em, so I ought'n to mention it, perhaps. Mother said she felt as if the roof was going to fall, and every time Harry Hawes and that big Mr. Beckett straightened up they bumped their heads on the rafters.

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that day from her wedding trip, and stopped over to see the old folks before she goes to live for keeps in Massachusetts. She looked pretty much on the up-grade, Mother said, and the bridegroom Higgins is as blonde as they make 'em, and maybe not glad, my angel, that he may eventually and yet again, perhaps—hope to get a smell of some of the Carter coin some sweet day. The Ray Carters showed up—Mrs. Ray was there in all kinds of silver and sich, she landed Ray when the Carters were yet young. She was Marie Dillon, you know. Mrs. Dillon's books are having a popular run now she has a new one out, but I haven't read it—only hope it isn't as deadly dull as some other books we have to read because St. Louis people write 'em—darling, this is the honest to gospel truth—I never got beyond the first two chapters of Winnie Churchill's "Crisis," and nothing but sudden death or an unbecoming hat could frighten me into reading any of his later works. I know that's disgraceful, and that I'm no respectable citizen, but I can't be a liar, even to Winnie and Mrs. Dillon, now can I?

✧

Mother and Father had some men from Chicago—one of Pop's influential business friends with them at the Browns—they wanted to show him how we do it down here, and Jane, he said the next day that he thought our standard of manners was very high in this State. I sorter wondered what he expected to find, but I said, why not, and if so, who is responsible? and then he went on and further to remark that when they started home, and upstairs for their wraps that the men's things all got mixed up—the darkies put the checks somewheres and couldn't find 'em, and about a hundred men were down on their hands and knees, by Jove! looking for hats and coats, and this is where he said we were a wonderfully fine lot of folks. Jane, he said there wasn't a single swear word heard on the midnight air. We all looked at each other when he said that—our family, I mean, this was at the breakfast table—and one of the kids opened his mouth to say that nobody could swear, anyhow, for fear he'd get arrested, only Pop kicked his shins under the table just in time. There is no use in letting a Chicago man go back with false impressions, is there, darling?

The Chicago man went into a conniption cat-fit over Mrs. Oliver Garrison, who wore black, and Father said she was a dem'd fine woman, and he'd like to have Wabash avenue or the Lake Shore show anything half so splendiferous, and then they got to scrappin' over which was the finest on the looks question—Mrs. Dave Kaime, who was all decolletty in white, or Mrs. Garrison or Mrs. John Roberts, or Mrs. Jim Campbell, or that awfully sweet little woman from Kentucky, who is the wife of the City Hospital Superintendent, John Y. Brown—no relation to the Paul Browns, but she was there looking daisy in pink satin or something, so Father said. He knows satin when he sees it, Jane, and that is why he calls everything satin, from now on and henceforth and forever.

Nuff for the Browns—and let's pray for another recep. like that—for they sure spent the mun., Jane, and from what the elders tell me, it was a dandy, fine and jolly good time, which is more'n you can say for some others.

✧

The St. Louis Club gave one of its monthly spreads last Saturday night—Florence Kelly was there "dazzling," so the newspapers said, that was the wurred—"dazzling" everybody in sight, but listen, dearest, Florence has grown—er—er—stouter—and while you can dazzle with one hundred and sixty, yet you can't do the sinuous sylph-like stunts as much as you once used to—ask Mrs. Charlie Scarritt or Mrs. Frankie Seward or any of those girls if 'tain't even so?

Everybody turned out at the table dehotey. The Bob Kaimes—little Mrs. Bob looking like a miniature French marquise. I think she's the cutest thing in town when she

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wears lavender and old lace—and the Normie Joneses—that old chum of Mrs. Jones', who was a Miss Field, is in town visiting at the Southern, I hear, and the Joneses are giving some teas and dinners and things for her this week—she was an awfully smart person a few years ago—very dashing—and I hear a certain bachelor who heads his own manufactory, and who paid her marked-up attention before she married, is coming in on the home-stretch now. She is a widow, I think—married some Eastern man, name and antecedents unknown. With undying affection,
BLUE JAY.

✧

P. S.—Have torn my letter open to add a last dash of excitement. Florence Kelly, Mrs. Morrison's lovely granddaughter I've told you about, is engaged to Amadee Reyburn, the young widower who married

Julia Lee, don't you know. She died two years ago and he has been perfectly devoted to her memory and their little son. Everybody is 'way up in G. Florence is radiant. Amadee likewise, and the goose honks out of sight. It's a big surprise, but the elders are all tickled to death. Heighho! Florence always was a lucky girl. He has cart loads of money, Jane, and a house in Lenox place furnished like a palace. Grandma Morrison is daffy about Amadee and the Kellys, dee-lighted.

♦♦♦

A Japanese Screen

By Ernest McGaffey

THE fifth morning after Shay's arrival in the hospital another man was brought into the little room, and placed in a bed a few yards from the west door. The new recruit was still under the influence of ether. One of the nurses brought a tall Japanese screen and set it between Shay's bed and the pallet occupied by the second patient. The screen was a garish thing in green and red, and depicted the Mikado's chosen warriors scattering in bloody conflict some of his hereditary foes. Heads and arms were flying in all directions, and swords and lances bore gory evidence of the sanguinary nature of the encounter.

When Shay awoke he motioned to the attending nurse, a sweet-faced girl, trim as a Quaker in her blue and white uniform, and said, "What's that for?" "There's another patient in the room now," was her answer. "We put in the screen to separate you two."

"What happened him?"

"The cars."

"Is he hurt bad?"

"He'll hardly live."

Shay drew his good leg up a little and felt for the stump of the one the surgeons had cut off. It was better than dying, anyhow. And the superintendent had been in that morning and promised him a job in the office. Lucky for him that he had a good common-school education and could write a fair hand. No more running along on the top-board in slippery weather, and ducking under the bridges and viaducts; no "flying switches" in his any more. But his lost right leg. He sighed heavily. Anyway, he was a single man.

In an hour or so moans and inarticulate cries came from the other side of the screen. What words he could make out were not of his own language, but Shay's experience all over the city had given him a wide acquaintance in language, albeit but a smattering one, and he knew the patient was a Pole.

The nurse appeared with his dinner.

"What's the matter in there?" asked Shay.

"He's coming out of the anæsthetic," replied the nurse. "Ain't there no chance for him," queried Shay? "The doctors give him forty-eight hours," was the girl's answer. Shay winced. The groans grew into shrieks. A doctor and an attendant came in hurriedly, consulted, and a hypodermic injection of morphine was given the man. The groans died away.

"He's a Polack," was Shay's next remark to the nurse. The nurse nodded. "Is he married?" was Shay's next venture. The girl nodded an assent. "Why ain't his wife here?" "She's in child-bed, was the girl's response; "she's had six children, and the baby she's going to have is 'expected any hour." "Gee," said Shay, pityingly. He drummed with his fingers on the frame of his narrow iron couch. Through the window to the east the sun came in strong and white, and lit up the barren cleanliness of the apartment. A peddler bawled his wares raucously from a neighboring alley.

Shay fell to studying the screen. A sudden resentment filled him against the senseless thing. "What the Devil did they bring that bloody old picture in

here for?" was his unspoken question. Heads and arms cut off and sailing through the air. It was worse than a railroad collision; ten times as bad as a single amputation. A slight moan from beyond the screen startled him. He wondered if the other side of the screen was as gory as the side next to him. The ferocious little Jap figures seemed alive as the cry arose, and the arms and decapitated legs in the picture appeared to Shay's vision as though they had just been amputated.

He shifted in his bed and turned his back to the screen. Again the Pole groaned, and cried out a woman's name. Shay shivered. "I wonder if he sees that damned screen," he murmured to himself. That night he was feverish. The nurse found him a different man from the morning before. She re-bandaged and bound his limb, brushed his hair, washed his face, and brought him breakfast. He hardly touched it. "I didn't sleep very well last night," he remarked apologetically. "I think that blasted screen kept me awake," he continued. The girl smiled incredulously. "What makes you think the screen kept you awake," she said. "Why, all that blood and slaughter," said Shay spitefully. "it made me think of battles and blood, and that poor devil of a Polack. What's the news with him?" he went on.

"Bad," said the girl. "He may last three days, not more." "And will that bloody old screen stay there all that time?" inquired her patient anxiously.

The girl smiled. "You'll forget all about that to-

night," she said reassuringly. "Don't you believe it," was the man's answer.

That night Pitkowski, the Pole, came to, and begged for his wife. A life and death operation was decided on, and again he was put under the influence of ether. The operation was performed, but the doctors were silent as to the possible outcome. Shay had gotten so nervous antagonizing the Japanese screen that he heard every whisper. He could feel them getting out the instruments, unrolling the bandages, stripping the patient, and sterilizing the instruments. The light from the gas jets sent the shadows of the Japanese warriors dancing with their swords and spears. "That cursed infernal screen," whispered Shay.

For a second night he tossed and tumbled, and when dawn came he was more feverish than ever. The nurse was puzzled. He ought to have been progressing favorably. As soon as her patient saw her he said, "How's the Polack?" "They operated on him," she replied evasively. "I know they did," was Shay's reply, "but how's he fixed." "He hasn't come out from under the influence," said the girl. "Well I'll tell you one thing," said Shay moodily, "if that bloody old screen isn't out of here pretty soon I'll be turning up my toes with Mr. Polack. I tell you the blamed thing haunts me."

That night, the third of the screen's appearance, Shay fell into a sleep of exhaustion for about an hour. Just after he dropped off, Pitkowski came out of his stupor, and pandemonium ensued. It took three

Novelty Wash Fabrics

The artistic effects which this season's Cotton Goods show are rivaled by no other fabrics. They are all aglow with varicolored floral blendings. The plain colors are equally popular.

The Swiss Muslins show colored dots, grouped in contrasting colors, some with dots in shaded colors, on grounds of white. Some have designs of English embroidery, making beautiful open-work here and there among the dots.

There's new beauty, "Effeure"—close-woven mesh, flowers entangled—a yard, 50c.

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And so on, ad infinitum, through the Madrases, Percales, Cambrics, Chambrays, Gingham, Lawns, Nets, Mohairs and Oxfords. Hours might be spent admiring these.

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Complete line of Spring Styles, in dull kid and patent leather. Very handsome shapes—\$3.50 and \$4.00.

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BROADWAY—LOCUST—OLIVE.

people to hold him. He raved of his wife and family, he begged them to shoot him, he prayed, shrieked and tried to tear open his bandages. A little before Shay awoke, Pitkowski, with one frantic struggle, suddenly fell rigid.

They telephoned for an undertaker, and in a few minutes the corpse of Pitkowski, enveloped in a cheap coffin, was bundled into a wagon. "Take away that screen," said Shay's nurse, who had gone on night duty that evening. It was lugged from the room. Almost as it disappeared Shay woke. His back was to where the screen stood, as was his habit when sleeping since the thing had been brought into the room. A shaded gas-jet burning in a mere taper was above him to the right. "I feel better, somehow," he drowsily said to himself. A few seconds later he was in a sound slumber, which was not disturbed until broad daylight.

It seemed to him that some weight had been rolled off of his heart. His hands were cool, and he drew a long breath of relief. "I feel like a fighting-cock this morning," he thought; "Jack, old boy, you're a hundred per cent better," he whispered to himself.

He shifted suddenly, with a peering, intent gaze, as he turned in his bed.

The screen was gone.

How Women Love Men

Conversations on the Overland Train

By Bessie L. Russell

A MAN in a seedy suit, a greasy-looking shirt, minus vest and tie. A woman in a flimsy blue gown, with a tired look!

"That camphor, Jim," said the woman pettishly.

The man fumbled in the well-worn valise. Red from the exertion, for he was large and the day was warm, he turned slowly to meet her gaze.

"I can't find it," he said matter-of-factly.

"Of course not," returned the woman quickly. "Never knew you to find anything yet, not even oil on our ranch, though the neighbors for miles around have sunk shafts and got in millions from 'em."

Then both relapsed into silence.

I looked at the woman again.

Not a hard face, by any means, rather pretty for a woman of forty-five or thereabouts; rather pretty, but seared with pain-lines.

"Have my camphor," I urged persuasively.

"Thank you, Miss," the woman returned cordially. "It's been so long since I heard a woman's voice,—it does my heart good, the sound of it. It takes a woman, anyhow, to know how a woman feels. Jim, now, wouldn't care,—he wouldn't care a fig if it never come my way, camphor, nor nothin' else."

"Still, he hasn't an unkind face," I said, deploring the tragedy of it all; "men are thoughtless creatures, but not half bad. Maybe he doesn't realize that you need that camphor; then, too, you are ill and irritable and out of sorts. 'Don't be that,' I urged earnestly. "Do as I do; don't notice slights. If one who is indifferent to me makes a slighting remark, I pass it by, feeling there is no love lost anyhow, and if one who is dear to me neglects me,—well I just conclude he didn't mean it that way."

The woman moved nearer me. "Talk some more, Miss," she said interestedly, "You see, I've been on a Texas ranch for twenty-two years, and it's months that I never heard a woman's voice, except in dreams."

"A ranch! Oh, how romantic!" I exclaimed with pardonable enthusiasm.

"Yes—yes, when you read about it in books. Not much romance, I take it, when you've had the real thing, as I have, Miss. Some more camphor, if you please; there, that will do. Jim's asleep again, see? He's always asleep when I need him the most, but

then, as you said, I reckon he ain't half bad, and that rough life out there with the cattle does seem to harden a body. You see when we took the ranch, Miss, we 'lowed we'd only try it for a spell, but we kept on stayin'. Twenty-two years is a long time from civilization, Miss, a frightful long time."

"But did you never go back to the city?"

"No'm, never. Never been back since I left there first. Jim, he's been back. He's gone every other month or so to St. Louis. Ain't his fault I stuck and stuck to the place. 'Won't you go up, Emeline?' he'd say, 'Do go, just for once.' 'Can't Jim,' I'd answer, quick enough, 'Things might get wrong down here.' You see, Miss, it was the money I was after keeping—the money. And much good the money'll do me now, Miss, with health gone. Why, Miss, that pain just turned my hair snow-white on one side of me, perfectly white. Miss, I felt so bad about it I dyed it, so I did, but I couldn't make a very good job of it, though, see?"

I did see; more than the poor tampered-with hair, I saw the whole sad story. I saw that the simple life is not necessarily the happy life, and that solitude is not a synonym for peace, that man must mingle with man, even if in the mix-up he gets a jolt now and then.

The train moved desperately on. The woman closed her eyes awhile. When she opened them, the flimsy blue gown and its owner crept nearer me. "Girl," she said softly, "I'll think of what you've said. I'm goin' to New York to see a specialist, but maybe—so be—your words will start me on the well-road quicker'n the doctor's. One thing, though, I'm bent on, Girl," here she leaned quite close—"If God spares my life, if He just spares it, you know, I'll lead a different one. Yes—yes—I won't make a machine of myself no longer like I been a makin', Girl. I'll—I'll quit hoardin' and begin spendin'; I'll do Jim's style—I'll begin to have—some fun!"

* * * * *

When the train stopped again, a young woman in a blue skirt and pink shirtwaist called vigorously into the car window. "Hold on, Fred's that you? Well, don't get off, we ain't got time. I've got a ticket and my grip, so just you wait a minute and I'll help you hold down that seat, there!"

So much of *camaraderie* in that cheery outburst. "A bit of life, that," I declared enthusiastically.

Then the woman in the blue skirt and pink shirtwaist bustled airily by. She sank into the seat directly in front of me. "Ain't half glad I came in? Yes? Well, you don't look it, Fred. Just going in to smoke? Well I swan!"

This, as the redoubtable Fred moved lazily past his companion and on out of the car. The little woman wiped her eyes, coughed a little, then turned abruptly to me.

"Ain't that like a man," she declared, good naturedly. "But Fred's a good sort. He's all right. I wouldn't give Fred now for the whole deck of other fellows. Only it is trying, the way he does me. If he only would get to work some, and earn a piece! Why, we've been married five years this September, and he ain't given me a five-cent piece yet. Means to, he says, and would too, if it wasn't for the drink."

"The drink?"

"Indeed, lady, the drink. Can't hold a job when he gets one. Poor Fred! But it's in the blood. His mother was that way. I nursed his mother, and she died in my arms. That's how I come to meet Fred. I was married at the time, but my husband was a worthless one; he treated me dreadful. I never would have left him if he'd been peaceable. But then I do think Fred ought to be paid for the divorce. My, but it's a funny old world, ain't it Lady? Out of the fryin' pan into the gas range, Gee! However, Fred's all right. His heart's good, and some day, he's goin' to do the square thing by me. Of course he is. That's why I keep on workin' for him

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and givin' him money to dress on. Don't he dress me, Lady? Just because I feel sure his heart's right."

And the little dear, brave dear, in the blue skirt and pink shirtwaist, fell to eating a cheese sandwich. Pretty soon she wiped her mouth and began to talk some more.

"He's a long time smoking that cigar—a nickel one, too, I bet. You know where we're goin', Lady? We're goin' to Cleveland—Fred's got a cousin in Cleveland. He thinks maybe he can get a job there, you see. Nice if he can, but if he can't, I ain't goin' to worry. Worry's awful on a woman. It blots out all the good part of her. It changes her face, that it does. If Fred never gets a job, why we won't starve. I've—I've got two hundred dollars in the bank. Yes, I got it and he don't know it—poor Fred!" (A pause.) "Oh, Fred's all right—of course he is. Wish he'd finish that cigar. If I didn't feel sure, Lady, he'd do the square thing by me, I'd—I'd leave him tomorrow. Of course I would. But then I'd miss him. When you've worked for a man five years,—nursin' is hard work too—when you've worked that long, and give him most of the money, and waited and watched to see how he'd look for it, you're bound to get attached to him. If it wasn't for the drink too, Fred would be earnin'. Why, Fred's full of ideas—he's terrible smart if he only knew it. Oh, Fred's all right, and he's goin' to do the square thing some day—I'm sure of it. But I do wish he'd finish that cigar."

In the mix-up that follows a change of fellow travelers I discovered my companion to be a woman with a bird cage. I mention the woman first because, while cages are interesting, women are more so. Then, too, this particular cage had no bird in it.

The woman was interesting. Dressed in shabby black, she fingered a well-worn purse; that is, when she was not smoothing her hair, which, by the way, was dark and full of character.

"Crowded, ain't it," said the woman nervously. "But I don't mind the crowd. I could have took a sleeper, if I had a had-time enough, but a sleeper's lonesome and I ain't in no mind for a sleeper, Lady."

Then my companion fingered her purse some more. She kept on fingering till she burst into tears. Instinctively I felt for her hand. There is comfort in a hand grasp, I have ever thought.

"Tell me about it," I said softly.

"Oh, there's so much to tell and I never was no hand for relatin' things. She was though. That's what caught Will. You see, he liked her way of tellin' things."

"And who's Will?"

"Why, he's my husband, and the girl, why she's his stenographer. They've gone off together. And I, Lady? Why I'm going to bring Will home. I do hope they haint left Buffalo yet. See, here's what he wrote me, Lady." I read:

"Dear Wife," it ran. "Forgive me for th's rash deed; I could not help it. Nella has won my heart. You have been a good wife to me, I own; that is, in a practical way, but you have no tastes to link me to you. Again, I say, forgive, your erring, Will."

"It ain't forgiveness he needs," said my companion gravely. "It's bread and meat and cabbage. His money ain't much, I take it, and that simple thing's goin' to turn him down, soon as it's gone. Then, what's to become of Will?"

Another deep-drawn sigh.

"Besides," she continued, earnestly, "passion don't last. He's bound to want me again, Lady. You see I've been his wife for sixteen years. I've worked along with him in the store and I've kept his house. Once he failed, Lady. Then I worked harder'n ever, for he didn't have wood in our woodshed even. Will was sick a piece, too, and then I had to run the store

and run the house. I took in roomers. Oh, yes, I managed to scrape the little bit together in those days, and I've lived to see it grow, Lady. I've seen he paid his creditors, every livin' man of 'em, and laid by a nest egg to boot."

"But your husband," I put in desperately, realizing the injustice of it all, "he is unworthy of it. You are misplacing a noble woman's love."

"Maybe," she returned sadly, "Maybe, but I can't see it that way. I'm goin' to bring Will home."

"Say Maw, can't I sleep next the window? Charlie always has his way and he's slept next the window ever since we left home."

A pretty little woman, with a rare smile settled the matter, apologizing at the time for her boys, who really could be forgiven, seeing how long they had been train-bound.

"And they're so tired of fried chicken and cold things, too. Their father would have us come East, though. We left a fine ranch in Idaho, just because Tom was tired of the simple life."

"And who's Tom?" I exclaimed.

"Tom's a poet and my husband," she said proudly. "Yes'm, he can make the finest sunsets and birds that almost sing in poetry, only he can't sell 'em, Lady. He isn't appreciated and he never has been. I think it's because he's so timid like and he won't mix with folks; but he's got ideas, all right—yes, he's cram full of ideas. No'm these ain't all our children. I've got three more in the observation car. It keeps me working terrible hard, sewin' and such, because Tom can't get his poems to pay, you see. Tom would give us a million, if he had it, poor Tom. And we've just knocked about from pillar to post, ever since we left New England. First it was Texas, then California, then Idaho. Tom thinks now the East's the place for him and I guess it is, for he was raised up in Rhode Island. He graduated at two colleges and took a degree."

Two colleges and a degree! No wonder we are agitating the query: "What shall we do with our college bred men?" I did not intimate this to her, though. What I said was: "Make Tom a motor-man, why don't you?"

Mimnermus in Church

By William Cory

YOU promise heavens free from strife,
Pure truth, and perfect change of will;
But sweet, sweet is this human life,
So sweet I fain would breathe it still;
Your chilly stars I can forgo;
This warm, kind world is all I know.

You say there is no substance here,
One great reality above;
Back from that void I shrink in fear,
And child-like hide myself in love;
Show me what angels feel. Till then,
I cling, a mere weak man, to men.

You bid me lift my mean desires
From faltering lips and fitful veins
To sexless souls, ideal quires
Unwearied voices, wordless strains:
My mind with fonder welcome owns
One dear dead friend's remembered tones.

Forsooth the present we must give
To that which cannot pass away;
All beauteous things for which we live
By laws of time and space decay.
But oh, the very reason why
I clasp them is, because they die.

De Flagello Myrteo

THE first readers of the Book of Nature held it upside down.

Nature's book began to be understood when it was discovered to be an autobiography.

Knowledge opens the temple of Nature, and closes the rest.

The Gods would have temples, in spite of all that Religion could say.

Religion consents that the temple shall be come a museum, upon condition that the museum shall become a temple.

The metamorphoses of Proteus are not so various as those of Religion: but his are commonly into a baser form, and hers into one more beautiful.

"Wert thou perfect as I," said Nature to Love, "thou wouldst work no miracle." "That," answered Love, "would be the greatest miracle of all."

If Nature seem to persecute thee, this is not out of cruelty, but that thou mayest take sanctuary with Love.

Dian is the most correct of the goddesses after Vesta and Pallas, and when she stooped to kiss Endymion she commanded an eclipse, which Nature forbade to take place. "What!" exclaimed she, "may I not do what I will with my own Moon?" "Your Moon!" scornfully ejaculated Nature. "Well," she said, "I can at least do what I please with my Endymion." "Your Endymion!" said Love, "Endymion belongs to me and so do you, and you will both have to do exactly as I tell you."

Some say, that Nature sits as Isis veiled;
Some that she is the very veil itself:
But of a truth she is both veil and face.

Nature is all divine; but she is not the Divine All.

Nature and all above her, all beneath,
Panthea name and worship, till thou find
What found is not, was not, nor e'er shall be:
Thing without God, existence undivine.

The awful veil of Isis could we lift,
Panthea we should find, yet to what end?
For everywhere without she too is found.

Art triumphed over Nature when she made the Centaur and the Siren; but Nature was avenged when Art devised the Hermaphrodite.

The Hermaphrodite is the Icarus of Art—a lovely but a fallen creature.

Art unceasingly looks upon Nature; but Nature will not look upon Art, fearing lest she should have to look up to her.

Would ye, fair flowers, by Art's enchantment live,
Shielding from death your beauty fugitive,
At shrine of Love be your petition made:
Pausias will paint if Glycera will braid.

Love as Painter belongs to the idealistic school—especially in portraiture.

Medusa was a great realistic sculptor, the head of the Gorgon School.

The Republican Row

APPOINTMENTS AND DOUBLE CROSSES.

Peno, Pike Co., January 30th, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Well! Your articles on the Kerens-Warner alliance have at last made the Junior Senator "come from under." It was not he who wanted to disturb Elkins' berth in the Columbia postoffice, the pressure was a little too much for him to withstand, and it looks like he asked the President to withdraw Mr. Elkins' nomination about the time your paper and some other things reached him. You will note, however, that he has not yet said that he would go to the extent of trying to prevent Elkins' confirmation in the Senate. He does not want the responsibility of this undertaking, for he is afraid that too much of the history of Missouri Republican politics, one part of which he helped make, will come out in the hearing. Why did not Remley make his showing about how Elkins obtained his appointment in the beginning, and that it was done over the protests, and without the indorsements of nearly all the business men and patrons of this office. The manner of obtaining an appointment should be open to argument; if the appointment had been obtained upon the indorsements of the local organizations and petition signed by the patrons of the office, then the "merit rule" would, beyond any peradventure of a doubt, apply. Where all of these were ignored in the original appointment, and in the face of the continued protests on the part of those immediately interested, to say nothing of his being in possession of the office for two or three terms, this rule should not apply, much less be enforced. Besides, why make one rule for the distribution of Federal patronage in one State and another in some other State? Remley's friends are not going to let up on this matter and are going to see the thing through to the end. There is and will be a fight on every office where the incumbent obtained the same eight years ago without the indorsements of the local workers, and those interested in the office, and there are a great many such offices in this State. Appointments then were not made upon merit nor upon the recommendations of the patrons, but upon the single indorsement of one man.

Now coming to the Westhus-Allen fight for the Collectorship of Internal Revenue for the City of St. Louis. This one thing shows up the regard that some of the leaders have for their word. Allen got into the game early and had all of the indorsements, including Senator Warner's, and besides seems to be fairly well fitted for the office. Niedringhaus sought to break faith with him after he had promised him his support, and, with Bartholdt, pushed Louis Alt to the front, when Alt failed to get Galenkamp's place. Niedringhaus, and his advisers, had to do something for Alt's work in the St. Louis Committee row, when Ludwig was given the merry slide down the toboggan. Bartholdt, under the impression that Alt could help him in his ward for re-nomination by lining up the Republicans of the ward, promised him his support, which he "pressed almost to the straining point," and then, being told that he had had his share, pulled in his horns and quit. Now this does not tally with the Congressman's pledges and promises, when he said to some of the men who help do the work in campaign times: "You fellows need have no fears that I shall indorse Alt for the Collectorship of Internal Revenue, or that he will get the appointment." Yet he was then framing up the deal with Alt & Co., and at the same time leaving the impression on Westhus that he would support him for re-appointment. No wonder Westhus is mak-

ing such a "holler"! Where was the "merit system" in his case? He had a good record in his office, a "fine physique," and had only served one term. Who of us that would not let out a yell that would resound throughout the clay hills of Pike—and we are entitled to what we want—if such a plum as this were to be thus summarily snatched away from us? Westhus did not make a single personal appointment, but recognized the right of the National Committeeman and the member of Congress to name his assistants. What more could be asked? And this is not all. Buehrmann, his chief clerk, was sent "on to Washington!" presumably to work with his sponsor-cousin (Bartholdt) for his employer's interests. Now why ask, "Was Westhus double-crossed?" (A sure-thing gambler's phrase). It looks like he was and has been all along. You were right when you said: "A smooth man is Herr Bartholdt."

The break between the present State Chairman and Senator Warner came a short time prior to the banquet in honor of the Senator at Kansas City, November 8th last. It was then seen that the Junior Senator intended to build a machine of his own, and that he was going to have the say about all appointments in this State. It was then that Mr. Niedringhaus promulgated his (?) "Home Rule" policy.

It did look for a time like the Republicans in St. Louis were about to get together once more to try to bring order out of chaos. As soon as this news reached Washington, and some few "hurry up and get me in" messages, Mr. Warner succeeded in getting the appointments of Col. Dyer and Morsey rushed through. Dyer's term expires in March, Morsey's in July. Now, what was the hurry? Ask them. Does it look like one of the old appointees is going to be ousted? Well, none has been. Did it ever occur to you that this was the price the Senator paid for the support of Mr. Kerens? With all of those "double-crossers" working together, some of them had to get his dose, and the State Chairman is getting his regularly. In the Senatorial fight the Niedringhaus followers and Kerens supporters each thought the other "wouldn't," but he did. As a member of the Legislature put it, "Each one thought the other would hold out enough votes to continue the dead-lock, and that the body would adjourn without electing anyone, and before two had changed their votes, one vote would have done the work on the last roll call."

The Junior Senator and his friends are working for the change of the headquarters of the State Committee. This will be their next move after obtaining control. "Victori Spolia!" is the motto of the

PIKER.

REWARDS OF TREACHERY.

St. Louis, January 29th, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

The MIRROR has told of the deal whereby Chauncey Ives Filley was "rolled" as a member of the National Committee at the behest and instigation of R. C. Kerens, through the perfidy and open violation of the instructions of the State convention, which chose the then Mr. Warner (I beg your pardon, Major Warner), as one of the delegates to the National convention, the other of whom was Col. D. Pat Dyer, 49th Regt. Mo. Vols., whose name you forgot to mention when you said Senator Warner was "one." What trouble has this perfidious violation of instructions caused, and the reward for which was that the Hon. Col. and Hon. Senator, each received the U. S. District Attorneyship for his respective district, and later both received votes for the U. S. Senatorship. It is said that there was an understanding between these two gentlemen, that whichever one showed the most strength

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in the Legislature, the other would withdraw and throw his support to him. This accounts for the Colonel's telegram for the Major "to get busy" and the Major "got." What can be expected when the violators of such instructions and obligations prove false to the confidence placed in them by the chosen delegates, the representatives of the people? What was the result? It was, that not a single organization of Republicans, business organization, or club was heeded, or recognized, in the appointment of any person to an office anywhere in this State. Not a single protest of the rank and file of the working Republicans, business men, patrons of the office, in fact, any protesting body was ever shown any consideration in the appointment to office, no matter how small, which was at the disposal of the President from 1896. The jobs were left for one man to let. Many appointees were at the time, and are now, *persona non grata* to the immediate residents and patrons of the office where it is located; they are holding on now and asking for a third term.

REGULAR.

ILLEGAL COMMITTEE CHANGES.

St. Louis, January 26th, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

There is at present a pretty mess in the Republican City Committee, and as yet not a single paper has come out and given the true situation. Now, I am not lining up for either side, nor am I expressing an opinion, but if you will take up the rules and regulations of this Committee and peruse the same and then follow this with a reading of Sections 21, 22, 23 and 24, Primary Laws, 1901, page 161, you will see that Subdivision 2 makes such rules and regulations a part of this act, and consequently amenable to this and that any of the courts have jurisdiction to hear and determine

the rights of such a body, or any member of such a committee. Now, according to those rules, a copy of which you can obtain, it takes a three-fourths majority of the whole number, twenty-eight, to oust any officer from his office. The "cleaners" sought to overcome this by first expelling the chairman and secretary from membership, but the rules explicitly state that before any member shall be expelled, notice must first be given, and, upon hearing, eighteen members must vote for such expulsion. They never could at any time muster more than seventeen, consequently the natural conclusion would be that the present occupants of the offices of chairman and secretary are holding the same illegally, but this is a matter for the courts to decide. You can verify this by turning to the sections and rules of the committee.

REFORMER.

He Knows the World

The Hamburg-American line has a new southwestern manager in St. Louis. He is John Pannes, one of the best posted and most popular steamship agents in America. Mr. Pannes succeeds Mr. Dorgeloh, who made such a decided hit with the tourists from this section. Mr. Pannes, like his predecessor in the agency, is affable and courteous and never wearies of discussions which point to the Hamburg-American as the route for all to take who contemplate round the world tours, European trips or any of the many interesting special excursions the company conducts each year. Persons desirous of crossing the pond or of making a pleasure tour in any of the storied parts of the world will find Mr. Pannes thoroughly versed in all these matters and many valuable pointers or suggestions may be obtained in a conversation with him. His office is 901 Olive street.

Art Notes

From Arthur Tooth's New York galleries comes to Noonan-Kocian's in Locust street this week a batch of splendid canvases from representative artists. There's a strange Mauve, quite out of his ordinary style; a large de Bock, wonderfully clear and distinct and delicately painted; a strong Keever and a sympathetically strong Israels; a James Maris, superb for its light-filled sky, and a Jacob Maris in a different vein; a Blommers vital with Dutch feeling, a vivid Ziem; a Thaulow, the best ever shown here, for snow and running water, a great strong Neuhuys, a master work of broad handling of a mother with a child in her lap and a son amusing the baby with a jumping jack. The James Maris, the Thaulow, the Neuhuys are three pictures the like of which are seldom seen together. They command big prices, but you can get them all by looking at them, even if you haven't a dollar. No one caring for paintings should miss this exhibition.

There is a very interesting exhibition of the work of two local artists, Messrs. Wuerpel and Wolff, at the Artists' Guild rooms in the Dolph building, Seventh and Locust. These two men are the strongest, most individual, in some respects, of our local painters.

A new art society has been formed—The Twelve. It consists of twelve local painters who will paint no pictures larger than 8 in. by 12 in. The best of the local painters are in it. They are going in for serious work.

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"Oh, how lovely of you, Mr. M—!" exclaimed the spokeswoman, when she received the bit of paper and read the amount—\$100. "Oh, we didn't expect to get that much from you! We are ever so much obliged."

"So good of him!" and similar exclamations were heard as the cheque was passed round for the admiration of the party.

"But, Mr. M—," said the lady who handled the cheque last, "you haven't signed it."

"That is because I do not wish my benefactions known to the world," said Mr. M—, modestly. "I wish to give the cheque anonymously." And he bowed the ladies out with great dignity.—*Exchange.*

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Music

A Flurry of Concerts.

This is a gay week for musical St. Louis. Concerts by the Apollo Club, the Morning Choral, and Kubelik, to say nothing of the Symphony Orchestra's Sunday matinee, are causing an abnormal activity somewhat disconcerting to the St. Louis music devotee. One concert in a week provides sufficient pabulum for the average local music-patron, and more than one he will not, as a rule, attend. This week, however, everybody, apparently, is determined to hear everything offered, and the Symphony Orchestra, the Apollo Club, and the Morning Choral, have had full houses. The sale for the Kubelik concert to-morrow night indicates an immense crowd.

The Choral Symphony Society has accomplished the impossible—or rather, Mr. A. W. Douglas and Dr. Ernst Saxl have worked the miracle for the society. The Sunday concerts, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Douglas and Dr. Saxl, are financially, as well as artistically, an unqualified success. An immense crowd defied the elements last Sunday, and packed the Odeon, nor was the enthusiasm at all dampened by the snow storm, encores being insisted upon after almost every number.

Catholicity was the key-note of the Douglas-Saxl programme of Sunday. A movement of a Schubert Symphony, a Strauss waltz, a Liszt Rhapsodie and a Sousa march were among the compositions played, and surely in this melange the much-to-be-desired "something for everybody" is in evidence.

Miss Lowe played harp solos with much skill and fine style, and Miss Dudley won applause in a group of songs. Ernst and Fisher conducted.

Mme. Farish's Musicale.

The musicale given by Mme. Giraldon-Farish last week introduced to her friends a remarkable tenor-robusto in the person of Mr. Victor Berlindis, a Venetian. Mr. Berlindis has operatic aspirations, fully justified by voice and temperament.

Among the other pupils of Mme. Farish who distinguished themselves on this occasion were Mrs. Dave Eicher, a soprano with a rich mellow voice, whose legato work was especially commendable. Miss Ella Fuchs, displayed a pleasing soprano voice of extensive compass; Mr. Ernest Wagner's voice, a fine basso-cantate, warrants the prediction of a career for the young singer.

Mrs. Charles Taylor Clark's fresh, limpid voice was heard to advantage in the "Valse Ariette," by Gounod.

The Kneisels Coming.

The Kneisel Quartette, acknowledged to be the greatest exponents of chamber music in the world, give their annual concert under the auspices of the Union Musical Club at the Odeon on February 20th. The programme includes a quartette by Smetana, and the Mozart quartette in E flat major; a *Leuto* for violoncello solo and strings, by Chopin, the variations from Haydn's quartette in C major, and the Scherzo from Raff's quartette in D minor.

Apollo Club Concert.

The programme of the concert given by the Apollo Club at the Odeon Monday evening was light and well chosen, consequently the audience enjoyed every number, from the rollicking drinking song, with which the concert began, to the stirring march sung as a closing number. The most striking number sung by the club, from a musical point of view, was Horatio Parker's setting of "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes." This short composition contains some wondrously beautiful part writing, and despite its inordinate difficulty, was



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most appreciatively and successfully interpreted. Two choruses in negro dialect—a transcription of Ethelbert Nevin's "Mighty Like a Rose," and "Ma Honey Blossom," by George Nevin, were tastefully sung. Mr. Lieber has worked to some purpose with the club, and is to be commended for the marked improvement in the tone quality of the first tenor part.

The soloists were Miss Bessie Abbot and Mr. Edward Johnson. Miss Abbot is the victim of over-exploitation. The cabled reports of her triumphs at the Paris opera, telegraphic announcements of wonderful success at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, aroused unusual interest, and the coming of Bessie Abbot was looked upon as an event of importance. However, the little lady's voice and singing failed to justify the sensational advance work. Miss Abbot is in no way remarkable. Her voice is an ordinary good organ, she sings fairly well, and has acquired moderate skill in executing florid passages. Of musicianship there was little evidence, in fact, her phrasing in Schubert's "Who is Sylvia," was amateurish and crude.

Mr. Johnson made a popular success. His pure lyric tenor voice has gained in breadth and power since his appearance here with the Choral Symphony Society, and he sings with more warmth

and fervor than formerly. In the aria from "La Boheme" he rang out a brilliant high C which occasioned enthusiasm not often heard at an Apollo concert.

Young Rubinstein's Recital.

Arthur Rubinstein, the young Polish pianist, is to appear in one recital at the Garrick on Monday afternoon next at 3 p. m. The lad is but eighteen years old, but wherever he has been heard in this country the accounts of his skill are all of the superlative kind. He plays Chopin and Liszt like a veteran and has lately begun a special study of Beethoven. For his Monday program at the Garrick his selections are Schumann's Symphonique Studies, a Barcarolle, two Etudes, a Mazurka and the B-flat major Polonaise by Chopin, the Paginini Variations by Brahms, and the Twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt.

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Theatrical

You Never Can Tell.

Everybody says "You never can tell" about affairs of life. The phrase, as a prophecy, has proved a howling success, and consequently George Bernard Shaw's genuine comedy on the subject partakes of this same success. You never can tell exactly at what Mr. Shaw's comedy is driving. It is an elusive thing if it exists at all, but, on the whole, the play seems to indicate that, perhaps, it's best not to take life too seriously, since you never can tell about the unexpected that's always happening or waiting to do so. But whatever the author's object the play produced the first half of the week at the Garrick is undoubtedly comedy—the real thing. One does not have to be told this. It oozes from the play responsive to every pressure, howsoever slight. Bright, witty, snappy dialogue, epigrams that are the envy of all Mr. Shaw's contemporaries, droll situations and situations which play upon the finer chords of the human heart—all these are of "You Never Can Tell," and there is more that's beyond describing. You have to see it and feel it.

This play is not over the heads of the many, not in America, at least. It deals with incidents that are readily recognizable. There are parallel cases, perhaps, within the knowledge of many who view it—perhaps in our own family can we find a similarity in incidents. It is "common-place," elevated to the steenth degree of human interest, through a medium of excellent literary treatment and theatrical arrangement, and consequently the more enjoyable because the closer to humanity—to us all.

The story tells of a dignified, educated, loving, advanced woman, the mother of three children, who, having married without love, separated from her husband, while her offspring are still mere infants. Eighteen years thus elapse, and the children, meanwhile, have grown up with the idea that papa is nil; that mother is all. At last, they are quizzed in society as to their father. Alas, they have known him not. They plead with their mother to enlighten them, and eventually, by the merest accident, the father unexpectedly is met, but not recognized by the children, who incidentally bring him out to a family reunion and supper, where they are to be told what their mother has long withheld. Their father, cranky, crabbed, selfish and heart sore, cannot understand their lack of filial devotion toward him. He craves their companionship; if not their love or respect. But he is treated as a stranger, and the reunion ends consequently in a row; but all meet again and peace with the children at least seems assured in the end. But the mother is uncompromising. She is a woman's rights advocate. She has planned that her eldest daughter, Gloria, shall aid her in the cause. She has so educated her as to feel confident she was proof against the wooer's wiles. Gloria thought so, too, but in eighteen minutes the right man convinced her to the contrary and induced her not to regard love and matrimony as unworthy the consideration of a twentieth century woman.

This bit of romance, this love episode, is, in reality, the backbone of the whole piece. It is executed by Mr. Arnold Daly, as *Valentine*, and Miss Florence Kahn as *Gloria*. In the hands of such artists the picture could scarcely develop into anything save a masterpiece. They are both wholesomely real and comprehensively clever in this most charming bit of romance and comedy. Miss Kahn's work is absolutely flawless, but, of course, we might have looked for just such from the woman who played chorus with Mr. Mansfield in his Shakesperian productions. As to Mr. Daly, he has his own way of doing



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many little things, and there is a decided charm in his slight accent, save in the rapid-fire exchange of sallies and sentiments, when it quite obscures the effect of a line or a phrase, or renders a passage quite inaudible altogether.

There is one thing that can be said about the cast—it comes close to being an all-star aggregation, judging by their work in this piece, "You Never Can Tell." Of course Mr. Daly is considered the leading character, and is quite warmly received here, as elsewhere, but he, by no means, assumes the role of principal or star. It would be folly, perhaps, to attempt it in this play, in which there is such excellent and more genuinely meritorious acting done by several others. There is George Farren, for instance—a more triumphant conquest of a difficult character role than falls to him in the sour, deserted father, who craves the comradeship and love of his children, and receives instead, rebuffs or soul chilling familiarities, is quite out of the question. Mr. Farren's conception of this character supplies the element of seriousness and it takes hold of one's heart strings.

Fred Tyler is an ideal intermediary for peace, and he draws a true picture of the solicitous English solicitor who has his client's best interest at heart.

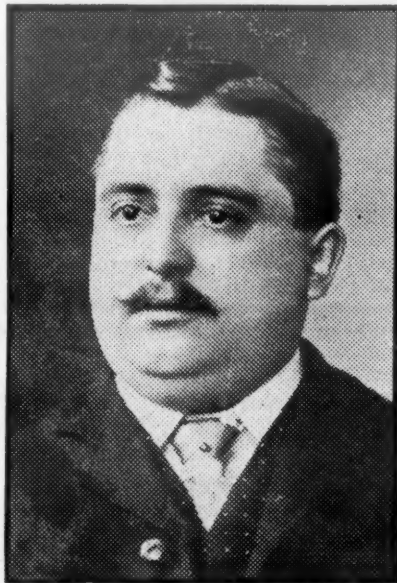
And it isn't often that a St. Louis audience, or any other, for that matter, has an opportunity to study work of such genuine worth as that of John Findlay in the role of the aged, obliging, confiding English waiter, William. Mr. Findlay and Mr. Farren really divide the honors among the men folks. It is quite conceivable how lifeless and unimportant the role of William would be in another's keeping. Mr. Findlay makes it essentially as strong as any in the story. The old chap, so affable and pleasant and grateful and ever philosophizing on the slightest provocation on the problems of society and the unctuousness of his inevitable conclusion, "You never can tell, sir, you never can tell," sinks deeply with his other remarks, and shows the folly of taking things too seriously, even matrimony.

Miss Isabelle Urquhart needs no introductory line to impress one with the fact that she is playing the role of woman's rights advocate and leader. You can see it in the expression of her face, the haughty carriage, the imperative tone of her voice, in fact, she has that atmosphere about her. And there is a sneaking suggestion that she brooks no commander of the male sex and never did, as Mrs. Crampton. Miss Urquhart, repeatedly, shines in the performance, and particularly enjoyable is her seance with Valentine (Mr. Daly), on the subject of her daughter's love affair.

The "juveniles" of the cast are a never failing source of merriment. They are Miss Mary Hungerford and Joseph Maddern. Not a few of the most pungent passages fall their way throughout the performance, and it is needless to say that they reel them off with fascinating effect. Miss Hungerford is really the finished product for juvenile roles—in this piece a mighty pleasing blend of the tomboy and the drawing-room or parlor favorite. Mr. Maddern is a big brother, with a whole-heartedness, as well as a light-heartedness that is almost contagious. And then there is Dodson Mitchell, who, as the solicitor, Mr. Bohun, gives a most cyclonic turn to things towards the end of the story. Mr. Dodson has a voice that would make a steam siren's screech sound like a fish's whisper. It bounds off the Garrick walls with a thud that is almost explosive.

The Ham Tree.

Those popular "porkcultivators," McIntyre and Heath, and the long-looked for "Ham-Tree," which they have been cultivating, arrived at the Century Sunday night, in every sense of the word.

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See

Papers

Sunday,

Feb. 11,

For

Further

Details

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arrived. A large and by no means uncultured audience was waiting to be "pied-pipered" by these two niggery nigger impersonators, and the way they were led into the presence of old Mom-lus was simply a sight in itself. The laughter in "The Ham Tree" isn't the jab-and-get-away variety. It's not sudden and explosive, like the blasts of mad March, but rather is it like the terrific East Indian hurricane that begins with a murmur, and, gathering force as it goes, finally develops into a monster, with a roar like a million lions, sweeping everything before it. Same way with the show—at the outset it smacks of limburger and garlic, with ice cream on the side, but it gradually gathers sweetness, until the odor of jasmine and magnolia are in the air. Both McIntyre and Heath confess that they are quite tired of feeding this kind of food to the public, but they have tried to escape in vain. There's something about the "darkey" as they have photographed him that's different from the loud-mouthed stage negro of other impersonators, and there is something in their natural presentation of the negro that the public delights in. But it's an awful waste of talent.

Outside the famous "duo" there aren't any in "The Ham Tree" Company who are setting the world afire by their work. The most popular performer aside from the two principals is W. C. Fields, an eccentric sleight-of-hand man, who's not slow in other lines of fun-making. Miss Belle Gold, who seems capable of holding her own in more legitimate lines, is completely lost here, save for the one song she sings. Frederick V. Bowers, who is the principal in the vocal department, sings a couple of songs with effect, but Forrest Huff carries off the honors with

the catchy new melody, "On an Automobile Honeymoon."

The Catch of the Season.

It's "Cinderella," the favorite nursery tale of childhood days, rewritten, and with modern environments and plot, that's playing at the Olympic this week under the title of "The Catch of the Season." Mighty good entertainment it is, too, and borders close on comic opera. In its power to provoke mirth, its music and its millinery, it is wholesome, fascinating and fairy-like. Musically, it is not altogether original, but what it lacks in originality it certainly makes up in the evidence of selective skill. Gleaning music to fit a theme from various sources is no easy task, and in "The Catch of the Season" this has been accomplished quite successfully.

There is quite a pleasing exposition of English ideas and tastes theatric in a number of instances during the performance—"The Catch of the Season" being an English attraction.

The company is a most capable and evenly balanced one. Miss Edna May, who is ideally original in method, histrionically speaking, presents a pretty ture as *Angela*, and appears to be in better voice and more effective than ever in other respects.

Fred Wright, Jr., introduces a number of English comedy stunts that deserve the approbation bestowed upon them, his American Indian masquerade dance being one of the funniest of these.

George Frothingham is an amusing *Lord Montague*, likewise Farren Soutar, as the *Duke*. Tolliver Andrews gives rare and enjoyable vocal entertainment. He possesses a voice of fine quality and volume, and is a singer who

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and they will mail you a full size bottle free.

sings to be understood, as well as to be heard. Miss Vivian Vowels, an admirable dancer, gives an exhibition of her art in the great ball scene.

Billy B. Van was never in a happier mood, never as entertaining as he is in "The Errand Boy," a piece written expressly for him by George T. Smith. Not only are all the mirth-provoking characteristics of Mr. Van given full play in the production, but there is room and time found for other features. A well-trained chorus that engages in pretty stage picture-making and singing is one of these, and there are solo music numbers rendered by others in the cast. The New England

pictures presented are enjoyable and realistic. The piece has a plot and hangs together well. One of the funniest scenes is that written about a stranded circus troupe. Miss Rose Beaumont, a woman of varied talents, is supporting Van with great success.

That popular melodrama, "On the Bridge at Midnight," with all its well-known mechanical effects, and its thrilling scenes, is being presented at the Imperial this week by a company of decided ability. The famous bridge scene, in which the illusion of a steamboat passing before the audience, is presented still wins storms of applause. The work of Frank Weed and Miss



THE JUGGLER

Says Pantaloon, with winks and smirks,
 "Tis Love that makes the World go round."
 Says Pantaloon with quips and quirks
 "Still there's one mystery I have found

In all the mythologic works,
 (And Pantaloon doth muse profound.)
 "Before it I am stuck.
 Are Love and Mischief natural twins—

The problem barks my mental shins—
 Or is Cupid same as Puck?"

Marcia McQueen.

Vera Hamilton in the principal roles is done with a degree of sincerity and ability that leaves nothing to be desired. Others in the cast whose work is of the meritorious quality are: Willa Feour and W. B. Fredericks.

Miss Mildred Stoller is all of it, or a great part of it, at the Standard this week. She appears in a breezy, funny sketch, "Glittering Sylvia," in which her singing and comedy furnish nearly all the entertainment. Miss Stoller has made a big hit with the Standard patrons. In the burletta, "At the Bottom of the Sea," in which the entire company appears, there is entertainment of every sort. This serves to introduce the chorus in original stage pictures, and also gives opportunity for much comedy and singing. The Melrose acrobatic troupe and Greene sisters, soubrettes; Kenny and Hollis, in funny talks and songs; Gardner and West in a sketch and Jack Marshall, in mimicry, complete a generous bill.

The Bowery Burlesquers, at the Gayety this week, present two gingery jingle and ludicrous musical pieces, "Two Hot Knights" and "A Gay Modiste." The entire company participate in both pieces, and make things hum for a while. In the olio are the musical Hickman brothers, in comic stunts; the three Bannons, athletes and acrobats; Stella Wells, a comedienne; Flo Rus-

sell, a soubrette, and the special living picture attraction furnished by Camille Elceders, whose poses are quite new.

Coming Attractions.

That talented comedian, Joseph Weelock, Jr., will be seen here next week at the Olympic in George Ade's new farce, "Just Out of College," which in some respects is said to be superior to anything the Indiana humorist has turned out for stage purposes. Mr. Weelock is said to be happily cast and strongly supported. The engagement begins Sunday night.

Coming to the Century next Sunday night to commence a week's engagement is Kyrle Bellew in that delightfully good production, "Raffles," which tells of the doings, strange and fascinating, of the amateur cracksmen. Mr. Bellew will do the gentlemanly burglar. With him is E. M. Holland and both are backed by a cast pronounced superb.

That well known and likeable romantic comedy, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," opens a week's engagement Sunday night at the Garrick. Bertha Galland, an actress who has been working assiduously and with fair success, for the past few seasons in less pretentious attractions, will appear in the title role. She will have a good company in support since Mr. Belasco has had the selection of it. The play comes from a long New York success.

"Bankers and Brokers," an amusing vehicle, presented by York and Adams, will furnish the entertainment at the Grand next week, commencing with a matinee Sunday. The piece is said to be composed of good materials and the

principals are surrounded by clever people. The opportunity for some good singing is not overlooked.

"Lured From Home," a melodrama combining many commonplace as well as unusual affairs of life, will be presented at the Imperial next week, the initial engagement being played Sunday. Willis Granger, a young actor of considerable merit, will take the leading role. There are others very capable men and women in the cast and the stirring story is quite effectively handled by all.

"The Jolly Girls," with everything that a first class burlesque show produces nowadays, comes to the Standard Sunday afternoon to open a week's engagement. Four or five funmakers, a goodly collection of singers and dancers, funny sketch teams, in short, a full and finished olio bill will be offered. Of course, the travesty must never be overlooked. One good big one may suffice, but two small ones may be put on fore and aft.

The Gayety will offer a novel burlesque bill next week—the "European Sensation." In addition to the comedy, which will be out of the ordinary and plentiful, there will be other entertaining features.

"Idylls of Shakespeare," a new departure, in Shakespearean revivals, the presentation of Shakespearean themes with appropriate musical accompaniments, will be the attraction at the Garrick on the nights of February 26, 27 and 28. Miss Constance Crawley, who will be remembered for her admirable work with the Ben Greet players and also in "Everyman," will present the idylls which are the love episodes in "Romeo and Juliet" and the Ophelia theme in "Hamlet." These will be pre-

sented by Miss Crawley with musical accompaniment, the music being on themes denoting the action of the play. There will be no singing. The lines will be spoken as usual. Miss Crawley is a thorough Shakespearean actress and is in every way fitted to give an ideal entertainment in the "Idylls."

Hans Loebel, whose popularity as a comedian was established several years ago with the German Stock Company, is in St. Louis and was engaged by Messrs. Heinemann and Weilb to appear next Sunday night at a special performance of "Robert und Bertram." This is one of the oldest and funniest farces in existence, and gives Loebel his chance as Robert. Hanisch as Bertram, is a splendid foil for the former. Robert and Bertram are two tramps, who conflict with the German law against vagabondage just enough to be arrested on sight. In their ludicrous escapes and disguises lies the frolic of the show. Loebel and Hanisch, the two arch comedy characters, will be supported by the entire stock company. A new play, never before seen in St. Louis, is announced for next Wednesday night. This is Dreyer's "Der Probekandidat." (The Trial Candidate). It is a problem play a la Ibsen and Sudermann, and just as powerful as some plays of these two pattern authors. "Fatinitza" will soon be given. Rehearsals for this delightful von Suppe operetta are now in progress.

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The Stock Market

Wall street prices experienced another sharp break in the past week. Some of the popular "specialties" were under heavy selling pressure at times. Enormous blocks of stocks are known to have been thrown overboard. Transactions in Amalgamated Copper were on an amazingly large scale. The stock ran up and down in a fashion to suit the fancy of the craziest gambler. Mysterious "tips" are floating round concerning an approaching friendly arrangement between the Standard Oil and Heinze interests. There's also a vague rumor current in London that a gigantic international combination of copper properties is in process of formation. It is impossible to tell whether these "tips" and stories are the cause or the effect of the astonishing activity in "copper" issues.

The United States Steel corporation made an indubitably good showing for the quarter ending December 31st, 1905. Net earnings aggregated \$35,278,688. For the corresponding quarter of the preceding year they were only \$21,466,000. The company reports unfilled orders at 7,605,086 tons on hand December 31st. The results of the December quarter were within \$2,384,000 of the high record made in the June quarter of 1902. After payment of the quarterly dividend of 1 3/4 per cent on the preferred stock, there remained about \$16,500,000 applicable to the common stock, equal to a little more than 3 per cent on the total common stock outstanding—\$508,302,000.

Heavy realizing made its appearance in Steel common on the publication of the quarterly statement. These sales were well absorbed, however, and had comparatively small effect on the quotation, notwithstanding all the slugging and hammering in the rest of the list. The shares almost sold, the other day, within nine points of the top-price of 1901, which was 55. Of course, most of the recent buying was purely speculative. Careful investors do not rush into the market to purchase at soaring quotations. They are inclined, as a rule, to await reactions. Yet there can be no doubt that some of the common stock has again found its way into the hands of investors who do not shrink from taking a distinct risk, and have forgotten the debacle of 1903. These investment purchases were made on the strength of remarkably prosperous conditions in the iron and steel trade. Predictions are now making in Pittsburg that the net earnings of the Steel Trust, for the first three months in 1906, will run up to at least \$38,000,000. If these predictions are a little more than mere irresponsible guess-work, the United States Steel shares should go to still higher figures, after a while, barring a collapse in the general market.

However, dividends on the common stock are not considered likely to be declared within the next six months, at least. Not even a continuation of the prevailing big business would, it is asserted, change the determination of the directors to accumulate a working surplus of \$100,000,000 before renewing dividend payments on the common stock. If the management has really adopted such an attitude, it deserves of hearty commendation. In spite of present enormous earnings, the Steel Trust's financial future is anything but secure. As the London *Economist* aptly remarks, the company is decidedly "a fair weather ship." A sharp reaction in business would quickly dispose of all hopes of a dividend on the common, and even impair the permanence of the preferred dividend. Less than two years ago, the Trust could not even earn the full 7 per cent on the preferred stock.

The Metropolitan muddle causes all kinds of excited talk. Loud and em-

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phatic protests are being registered by shareholders who are about to be severely mulcted. The Belmont traction merger promises to develop into a most scandalous affair. Even the outside public is getting deeply aroused over the audacious iniquity of the stupendous scheme. In the meanwhile, Metropolitan Securities issues continue to go down. They are still too high, though. The value of the shares is all imaginary, it would seem. Experts of first-class standing, who went over the books, admit their utter inability to determine the company's present legal or financial status. Undaunted by all this,

however, the Belmont clique, representing Rothschild interests, continues to perfect its plans, providing for the injection of an additional huge quantity of fresh, pure water, into the capital of the proposed consolidation which is to amount to \$225,000,000 new stock. The new common stock is already tentatively quoted on the "curb." Specious talk may be heard in Wall street of a dividend on this stock within two or three years. Where the dividend is to come from, is more than any one of ordinary reasoning power can determine.

The Chicago Great Western has declared a dividend of 2 1/2 per cent. on

its \$11,336,000 preferred "A" stock. This is the first distribution ordered on this stock since February, 1904. The company paid the full 5 per cent. dividend from 1900 to 1904. The preferred "B" stock being within hailing distance of a dividend, should prove a tempting purchase to speculatively inclined investors. The common should also be in line for a fair-sized advance. The utter neglect of these shares is really surprising, in view of the speculative ferment in Wall street.

The bank statement issued last Saturday was another disagreeable surprise. It disclosed a decrease of \$4,702,225, and an increase in loans of \$16,251,000. The surplus reserves continue ominously low. They are at the lowest level, for this date, since 1883. The banks have added about \$56,000,000 to their loans since January 1st. This feature of the banking position forcibly reminds one of the slap-dash financing of the early part of 1901, which wound up with the terrific stock exchange crash of May 9th, in the same year.

The Republic Iron and Steel Co. is trying to make good on the dividends in arrears on the preferred stock. A few days ago, it declared the regular quarterly rate of 1 3/4, and an additional of 2 per cent on account of unpaid dividends. Nothing was said of a payment on the common. The earnings of the company are known to be large, and optimists have not yet given up hopes of a distribution on the common before a great while.

Great Northern and Northern Pacific made sensational gains latterly. Some "street" oracles pretend that "good news" is about to come out. They hint at scrip dividends, and a dicker with the Steel Trust in regard to the Great Northern's valuable ore properties in the Northwest.

Local Securities.

United Railways common has been an active feature on the local stock exchange since last Friday. The buying was insistent, forcing the price up to 46 1/2, a gain of about 3 1/2 points for the week. The immediate cause of the advance was the publication of the preliminary annual report of the United Railways Co. for 1905, showing a gain in gross earnings of \$1,200,000 over 1903, the latter year being considered a normal one. Compared with 1904, the World's Fair year, the loss in gross amounts to \$1,517,483. The surplus, for the year 1905, is \$104,573, against a surplus of \$1,182,184 in 1904, and a deficit of \$62,787 in 1903. For depreciation \$521,752 was charged off. The net earnings amounted to about 2 1/2 per cent on the common, but after depreciation charges, to only one-half per cent. Taken all in all, the report is regarded as decidedly encouraging.

The preferred stock is selling at 86, with inquiry fair. The 4 per cent bonds are still quoted at 88 3/4 bid. Alton, Granite & St. Louis preferred is quoted at 88 bid, with none offering; the common was neglected of late.

Bank stocks are generally lower. Bank of Commerce displayed marked activity, a few days ago, at falling prices. After a drop to about 33 1/4, the stock rallied again to 33 3/4 bid, 339 asked. Third National is offering at 320, and Boatmen's at 261, with no bids. Title Guaranty is offering at 69 1/2, with would-be buyers disposed to make bids. For Commonwealth 335 is bid, 337 asked.

St. Louis Catering preferred is weak, with quotations far apart, 30 being bid, 40 asked. For Candy common 9 is bid, 9 1/2 asked. Coal & Coke common is offering at 61 1/2, with no bids at this writing.

Money rates are a trifle firmer, with the extremes ranging between 4 1/4 and 6 per cent. New York drafts are low-

er, being 15 premium bid, 20 premium asked. Sterling exchange is steady at 4.87 3/8 for demand bills. Berlin is 95.20, and Paris 5.15 1/2.

Answers to Inquiries.

M. H.—Hang on to your Rock Island. Unfavorable features about discounted. Not much of a further decline likely, even in case of a general reaction. Republic Steel common a dubious purchase. Prospects of a sharp advance from present level dependent, of course, on a continuance of the iron and steel boom. Would favor small purchases of the stock on a decline to about 28.

B. T. R., Litchfield, Ill.—American Cotton Oil common not tempting at present. Denver & Rio Grande common a fair speculation. Would, however, buy on declines only.

A New Departure

The restaurant that made St. Louis known all over the world, TONY FAUST'S RESTAURANT and CAFE,

Southern Hotel block, will, on Sundays, serve a table d'hôte dinner from 11 a. m. to 9 p. m. for one dollar.

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Music every evening and after the theater performance.

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The bath's the thing. It stimulates. Even the simple sponge bath has a marvelous, almost magic effect on the bather. There are a number of peculiar people who take peculiar baths, but they all testify that their baths are all right and beneficial in their effects. Think of the chap, even the chaps, who takes a plunge these mornings in the cold water, fresh from its frozen bed! They think it's the only bath. But think of the men and women who are enjoying the bath of baths, that which is obtainable only at the beautiful marble bathing palace of the Belcher Company at Fourth and Lucas avenue. They certainly have a bath that is enjoyable and beneficial to health and to complexion. The Belcher bath imparts vigor to the system, clarity and color to the



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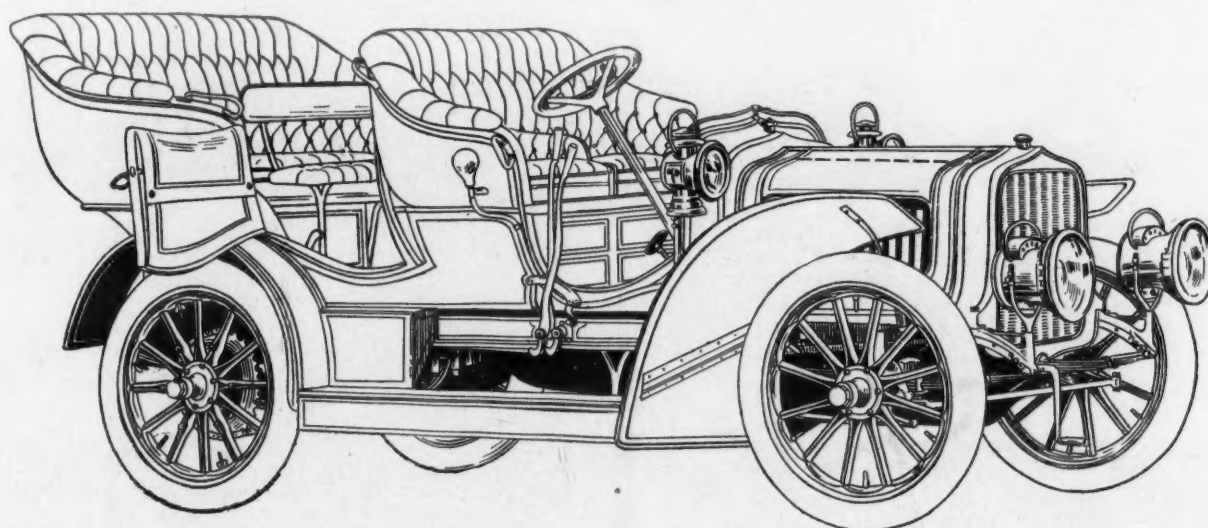
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Packard	28 1-5
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Yours very truly,

(Signed) P. C. SCOTT.

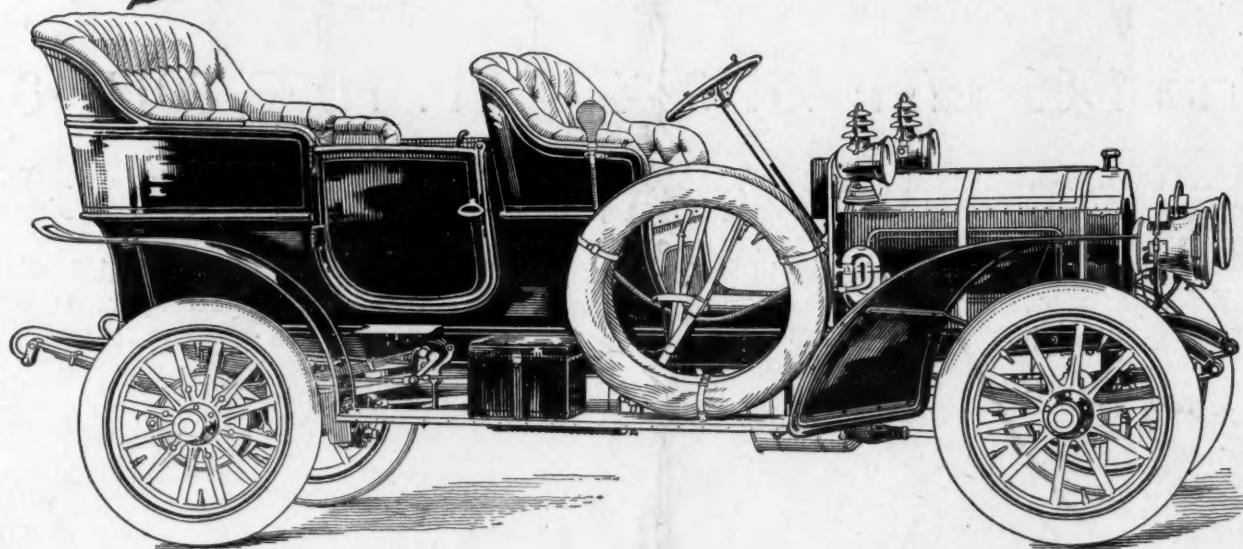
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